

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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EN ROUTE TO INDIA: DIVING FOR COIN AT ADEN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Of the effect of occupation, sedentary or otherwise, upon the mind, no scientific investigation has as yet been made; but upon the whole, notwithstanding the existence of certain Admirable Crichtons, who exchange the stroke seat of the University boat for the Woolsack, the more exercise people take, I think, the duller they are. The fox-hunter and the sprint-runner are not "in the foremost files of time," from an intellectual point of view. At the same time, the air of the study is not conducive to nimbleness of wit, and persons of culture are, it must be confessed, often a little heavy on hand. Any comparison between these two classes is difficult, because they are not on the same plane; but from those who have observed with Darwinian care the ways of the omnibus-driver and the conductor some data for this inquiry may be gathered. They both live in the open air (and not very far from one another), but their intellectual gifts are wholly different, which can only arise from the dissimilarity of their positions: that of the conductor is vertical, he is always standing; that of the driver is—well, not exactly horizontal, but he is always sitting. This is the only difference between them (except an occasional question of fares), and must account for the discrepancy of their minds, which is prodigious. The conductor is alert, full of contrivance and repartee, and has "all his goods in his shop window"; the countryman thinks him the cleverest man in the world, not knowing how much is due to habit, but he really is a very sharp fellow. The driver, on the other hand, appears to the superficial observer slightly lethargic; but as a matter of fact he is philosophic, moved by no catastrophe short of a wheel coming off, and regarding both his horses down on the wood pavement as though they belonged to some other bus. But under his many wraps he conceals a true fund of humour. He speaks but little, even when appealed to, but when he does speak his words are weighty. "Sitting above the thunder" of wheel and hoof, he surveys mankind at an advantage, and stores his mind with observation. A striking example of this occurred the other day in Oxford Street. An omnibus was going eastward, with an immense railway-van travelling by its side, but just a little in its rear. As they passed Vere Street out shot a dog-cart at full speed, driven by a young gentleman dressed to extremity, with buttonhole and eye-glass, and with his coachman sitting beside him with folded arms, and that contemptuous indifference in his face with which the professional ever regards the performances of the amateur. The driver of the omnibus pulled up short, and the dog-cart dashed across it, only to meet the full force of the van, which went through it as though it had been a box of lucifers. The spark on the top of it, with his coachman, was, of course, put out, but otherwise not seriously damaged. Then came the inevitable policeman, and the question whose fault it was. The omnibus-driver, who had seen it all, was appealed to by all parties. "Was it my fault?" inquired the young swell. "Your fault? Well, certainly not," growled the philosopher. "Then, whose fault was it?" continued the gilded youth, greatly pleased, and naturally expecting the van-man to be denounced. "Well, it was your coachman's." "But how could that be? He was doing nothing: how could it be his fault?" "Why, just because he was doing nothin', and letting a baby like you drive!" Socrates never made a wiser answer, nor half as concise a one. It carried conviction to every ear that heard it. "Come up!" grunted the philosopher to his horses, and drove on, just as though he had not delivered a judgment sagacious as that of Solomon.

It has been debated of late in the *Spectator* what a man's course of conduct ought to be who finds himself the subject of conversation among strangers in a railway-carriage. This is said to have once happened to Charles Dickens under rather unpleasant circumstances. One of those impudent scoundrels who go about telling lying stories of eminent people described the novelist in his presence as being a drunkard and a gambler. The rest of the company were, as usual, shocked but interested. "Do you know Mr. Dickens personally?" asked the subject of conversation. "Slightly; just to bow to," returned the Munchausen, with unexpected moderation. "Is he at all like me?" "Not at all." "That's curious, because I am Dickens." Comment upon the gentleman's veracity as to other matters seemed superfluous. For my part, it seems the position in question is capable of being turned to great advantage by men of letters. It is an opportunity of saying a good word for oneself that does not often occur. It may be a little embarrassing to find a fellow-passenger, with one of one's own works in his hand, discoursing upon one's genius in a vein less favourable than critical; but even that may result in profit. One may candidly agree with him that the book he has in his hand is not, perhaps, all it should be, but suggest that in common fairness he should read another one by the same author, to be procured at the next station in a cheap edition. A great philosopher once publicly stated, in connection with the law of libel, that anybody was at liberty to say what they liked of him for forty shillings; and any gentleman may take the same liberty with my works for three-and-sixpence (the price of my favourite edition).

If we are not to disbelieve an advertisement in all the papers, giving his name and address, a writer has just received £1000 for composing five lines of verse—and very bad verse too—from the proprietor of a halfpenny journal. This is at the rate of £200 a line, or *forty pounds a word*. Folks talk of the Augustan age, but neither Augustus nor Mæcenas was "in it" in comparison with this patron of letters. The most amazing feature of the affair outside the advertising part of it (and no dodge of the advertiser can now "exceed belief") is that such a gigantic reward should have failed, in a competition even of the habitual readers of such a periodical, to have produced better verses; for they would be dear at the time-

honoured rate of a penny a line. In former days, when the principles of success were less understood, a hundred pounds was considered a large prize for competition, and it is whispered that even then the winner only got five pounds for saying he had received the hundred—which must have placed him in an embarrassing position when his friends came to borrow money of him. But these arrangements are now *bona fide*, and there is no reason to doubt the genuineness of this dazzling honorarium. There is nothing in the annals of literary remuneration, poetic or otherwise, to be compared with it. Pope, indeed, received in all, five times the sum for his version of Homer, but that was a much longer poem.

Of the lavishness of the reward there can be, in fact, no doubt, and to the superficial observer it would seem to raise the character of all cheap periodical literature as regards the remuneration of their contributors. The average, however, is happily restored by the fact of some periodicals—and especially those of an "elevating" character—not paying even the most popular writers anything at all. In the one case an immense sum is given to an unknown contributor; in the other nothing to a well-known one. The plan is for the editor to write to the latter a personal panegyric (civility costs nothing) and to conclude with a request for his "views" upon Education, Drink, Theology, or the Switchback Railway. "Your opinion upon this absorbing subject would be welcomed by millions, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to place a couple of columns of my periodical at your service for that purpose." I do not say that vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird, but I venture to think that very few old birds are caught by this transparent device.

Some advertisements make one's mouth water, and yet, at the same time, reduce one to the position of Tantalus. Here is such a one, out of the *Daily Graphic*: "A Woman of Title [she doesn't call herself a lady, which shows not only modesty, but accuracy], moving in the first society, will receive a young lady into her house as a friend: terms, £2000 a year." How one longs to be the young lady, not so much because she has £2000 a year to spare, but for the sake of this opportunity of introduction to the upper circles! To be able to purchase friendship, even in a humble rank of life, for a fixed sum (far less for an annuity) is quite an unusual privilege, but that of "a woman of title"—Heavens! Sex and pecuniary circumstances alike incapacitate me from taking advantage of this offer, but the advertiser adds, "The services of any gentleman or lady introducing the above will be handsomely rewarded." "Handsomely rewarded" is vague—the terms for restoration offered to the dog-stealer. It would be far more satisfactory to mention the amount of the commission.

Some people express themselves as greatly scandalised at the late revelations respecting the circulation of French fiction. They think it shocking that the publishers should have put "200th edition" upon books, when each edition consisted but of a hundred, or even fifty copies. It may not have been a frank statement—nay, it was undoubtedly designed to deceive—but it was not a false one. All this honest indignation is not, moreover, aroused by the contemplation of duplicity. English novelists have been told for years that the road to fortune lay in selling their books at very cheap rates by the million, like the French novelists. They knew the advice was rubbish, and suspected the figures; but it would have been put down to envy and jealousy had they expressed a doubt of the popularity of their confrères on the other side of the Channel. And now the bubble has burst, our amateur advisers are furious with the French publisher, and "wonder at his vice and not their folly." When an English author's gains are mentioned, those who wish to get at the facts should cut off the final nought; in the case of a French author they should always read francs for pounds.

The Guild of St. Cecilia has been eliciting some additional facts as regards the treatment of invalids with music. This delightful art is supposed by some persons to be so spiritual as to be only properly appreciated by those who are on the point of leaving their earthly tenement. The critical opinion, even of invalids, ought therefore to be worth something, and the great Wagner question has more chance of being settled (though very little, alas! of being done with) in a sick-chamber than in St. James's Hall. As a general rule, as might be expected, lullabies are found most soothing to the sick, though popular melodies are also in some cases found efficacious. It is said to be on the advice of our greatest and most abstruse philosopher that "Pop goes the Weasel" and other kindred tunes have been added to the repertoire of the guild. At the first blush—though it need scarcely be said that there is nothing to blush at in any of the tunes as adapted to the purpose in view, whatever may have been their original character—this taste would seem to belong only to the convalescent stage; but this is by no means the case. Above all things, some folks, who have, perhaps, a gloomy medical attendant, desire something cheerful, like the sick man who during the publication of "Pickwick" was so solicitous to know if he would live to see the next monthly number. What sounds very curious, considering the objection to mere noise which is felt by almost all persons who are unwell, a whole roomful of sick boys declared their preference for beating a tin plate with spoons over every other description of melody. But, sick or well, the tastes of the Boy are inscrutable.

Medical music is not, of course, a novelty, and was probably in vogue before David was "called in" to soothe Saul with the harp—presumably the Jew's harp. Farinelli, the singer, was hired to cure the King of Spain of those megrims which seem to have been hereditary with Spanish monarchs, for history describes them as being always in the doldrums. For two days he sang outside his Majesty's door, which could hardly have been encouraging; then the door was opened, and

the King had "a good cry," and became wonderfully better. Though nobody took the story of Orpheus and the influence of his music upon the dumb creation for fact, it was long thought that there was "something in it," till Marville put the matter to the test. He procured an audience consisting of a cat, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and cocks and hens, and regaled them with a "trump marine." (This can hardly mean a speaking trumpet, or he could scarcely have expected to soothe them with it.) The cat was "not the least affected"; the horse stopped short in his feeding, but at once resumed it; the dog sat on his hind legs staring persistently at the player, but paying him no compliment beyond attention; the ass, the hind, and the cow simply ignored the whole business, as also did the cocks and hens. On the other hand, "the little birds almost tore their throats out" in the fruitless endeavour to rival the "trump marine." It is notorious that serpents are "charmed" with music, and this is also sometimes the one redeeming characteristic of some very wicked people.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen is at Balmoral, where Lord Cross and Madame Albani have been among the guests. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday, Oct. 11, by the Rev. Pearson McAdam Muir, minister of Morningside, Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household.

The Prince of Wales left Marl Lodge on Oct. 8 for London, travelling thence to Sandringham, which he left on Oct. 13 for Newmarket. His Royal Highness and the Princess are to return to Sandringham on Friday, Oct. 30, and they will then stay there until Dec. 7, and are to entertain a series of shooting-parties.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, have been on a visit to the Queen at Abergeldie. Their Royal Highnesses returned to London on Oct. 12, and thence proceeded to Portsmouth.

Mr. W. H. Smith was buried at Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames, on Saturday, Oct. 10; and Mr. Parnell was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, on Sunday, Oct. 11.

A storm of unusual violence raged on Oct. 13, and was very destructive all over the country. The rivers overflowing their banks have done much damage to the low-lying lands. On the coasts the life-boats and the coastguard, with the rocket apparatus, were kept pretty constantly at work, and many lives were saved. So far, no report has been received of lives being lost. Very heavy weather was encountered by the Umbria in crossing the Atlantic, one lady dying from excitement caused by the storm. The passengers by the Augusta Victoria also suffered severely, some having limbs fractured by being thrown about during the rolling of the ship. The Leyland Line steamer Virginian, which has arrived in the Mersey from Boston, reports having encountered terrific weather in the Atlantic. She had 780 head of cattle on board, of which she lost not less than 362, or nearly half the whole consignment.

Sir W. Harcourt, speaking at Glasgow on Oct. 8, said that the reforms which the Liberals were now setting themselves to accomplish were Home Rule in Ireland, local option, the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church, local government in the rural districts, the payment of members of Parliament, reform of the Registration Laws, and that no power should be permitted to overrule the will of the people.

Mr. Chamberlain addressed a meeting of Welshmen at High Mead, Cardiganshire, on Oct. 13, at which he asserted that the present Government had done more for the social improvement of the masses of the population than any Government had done before during the present century in so small a space of time.—Sir M. Hicks-Beach, speaking at Stockton on the same evening, referred to the vacant leadership of the House of Commons, and observed that he neither expected nor desired that the position should be conferred upon him.

Two new Conservative members have been added to the House of Commons by the election of Mr. A. Graham Murray and Professor Jebb. Mr. Murray was elected for Bute-shire on Oct. 10, in succession to the Right Hon. J. P. B. Robertson, the new Lord President. He defeated Mr. John McCulloch, the Gladstonian candidate, by a majority of 345. Professor Jebb was returned unopposed to represent Cambridge University, in succession to the late Mr. Raikes.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone will leave Hawarden for Italy on Dec. 12, and he will probably spend Christmas at Rome.

A slight improvement is announced in the health of Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, who has been in a critical condition.

The London County Council has adopted an important series of recommendations, submitted by Sir Thomas Farrer, on the subject of the London water supply. While willing to take over the undertaking of the water companies, the Council declared that the price to be given should depend not merely on past dividends or on Stock Exchange values, but upon the true value of the undertakings, having regard to its legal position and liabilities, to the condition of the property, and to its ability to supply future wants.

The Church Congress at Rhyl was judged, on the whole, a success, though the subject of Disestablishment in Wales overwhelmed every other. The attendance was very large, and comfortable accommodation was found in the town, for the tourists had almost all left and lodging-houses abounded. Statistics were freely quoted, and the Welshmen showed themselves capable of effective argument, though perhaps the most telling speech was that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who declared that it would be truer to speak of the Church of Wales in England than of the Church of England in Wales.

Of concession nothing was said, although some of the speakers were evidently not sanguine as to the issue of the contest. Home Reunion was declared by one speaker to be the vainest of dreams. But the suggestion that Churchmen and Nonconformists should co-operate in the furtherance of temperance and purity and the encouragement of healthy amusements and reading-rooms was well received. Further than this it did not seem possible to go.

At the meeting of the Congregational Union at Southport on Oct. 13, the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, of Bowdon, Cheshire, was elected secretary of the Union, in succession to the late Dr. Hannay. Dr. Mackennal was the secretary of the recent International Congress of Congregationalists, which was held in London.

The Mayor of Portsmouth, Sir William Pink, has received from Sir Henry Ponsonby a letter intimating that the Queen will be happy to patronise the Portsmouth Musical Festival, which is to take place at Whitsuntide, 1892.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

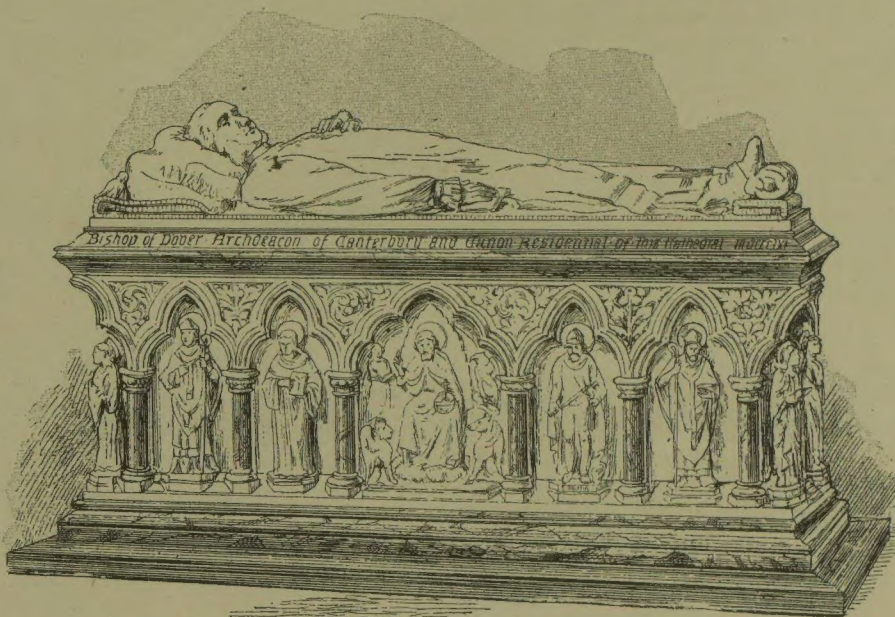
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The Independent Theatre Society is evidently in a very bad way. The self-advertising promoters of this silly institution, weary of "Billingsgate," are beginning to sing small, and once more send the hat round. Whether it will ever be filled again, even with halfpence, I very much doubt. The bumptious gentleman who started this hare with "my articles," has at last been persuaded of the truth of the old saying that the only way to prove the existence of a thoroughly bad case is to abuse your opposing counsel. This he did in good round set terms, and the earnest voice of enthusiasm changed under disappointment to a feminine scream. Everyone in the wide world was wrong except the brilliant genius who conceived the Independent Theatre Society, and was unable to carry it out for want of moral and financial support. The managers were wrong and did not understand their business. The public were wrong and did not know what they really wanted to see. Dramatic consciences were to be sold cheap by the Independent Theatre Society. The age was said to be cursed with a hideous monstrosity—the paying public. Commerce was to be put down with a strong hand until the shares of the Independent Theatre went up. And then those wretched dramatic critics, who regularly every five years or so have to submit to the incoherent ravings of the disappointed dramatists! Out came the old formula that comes so pat to the tongue of the young gentlemen who have been told that they may be geniuses in their own estimation, but cannot always be taken at that by their contemporaries. How we all laughed! We were venal, we were corrupt, we were outside the pale of literary salvation, we borrowed our dress-coats from restaurant-waiters, and we dictated our opinions at theatre-bars! Poor, dear Independent gentlemen, how silly they looked when they imagined the public would take this stuff for seriousness! But the joke went far beyond the mere personal side of the controversy. The Independent Theatre Society was found guilty of grave inconsistency: they did not practise what they preached. They promised to produce plays by English authors of superlative merit—works of genius which were being crushed down by the iron and despotic heel of the modern manager. We told them such plays did not exist. They have owned we were right, for they have not produced one. They honourably undertook to keep the public away from their private entertainments, and declared they were independent of the money of the paying public. A day does not follow the production of "Thérèse Raquin" before the paying public, the despised public, are called in to see Zola's wearisome work! They based their faith on the fact that the censorship was doomed, and, in a very legitimate manner, attempted to do away with the censor by playing unlicensed plays in a licensed theatre. On their second venture they throw up the sponge, own themselves beaten, and submit themselves for a license from an authority they were constituted to ignore. Now, all these alarming inconsistencies are amusing enough, but the worst indictment that can be brought against the Independent Theatre Society is that they have made no attempt to show that they have encouraged, or have any means of encouraging, what they call literature in connection with the stage.

Here was their one great chance of justifying their existence. If, in sober reality, these earnest young men—unpractical, dogmatical, discourteous, insolent as they might be—were able to do for the drama more than such men as Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare, George Alexander, and many others have done for it, then they were entitled to come into count. If they could prove the existence of the down-trodden Shaksperes and Sheridans of to-day, which very existence our practical dramatists denied; if they could produce the literature that every man who loves the stage and has worked for the stage would love to herald—then, indeed, they had a great and noble claim on public regard and consideration. But what have they done to prove their case? They have produced "Ghosts," and it was a mutual-admiration success, no more. They did not dare to submit "Ghosts" to the scrutiny of a public tribunal. They have produced "Thérèse Raquin," a morbid, melancholy melodrama, with no pretensions to be called a work of literature, and by producing "Thérèse Raquin" they have made some of their most earnest supporters shake their heads. Assertion, as we all know, is not argument. To placard "Thérèse Raquin" as a success in the newspapers is not to prove that it has pleased. That proof will come all in due time. But putting out big posters and writing bumptious letters to the newspapers does not prove anything. Managers invariably hang out the banners from the outward walls, and trumpet forth success when they have met with an uncompromising failure; and the most experienced showmen, such as Chatterton, Dion Boucicault, and Charles Reade invariably deluged newspapers with correspondence when they were trying to bolster up a thoroughly bad case. It is stated, on the authority of the author of the articles that evolved the Independent Theatre Society out of illiterate chaos, that "Thérèse Raquin" was a success. Well, he is entitled to his opinion, and so am I. If, sitting in the stalls of the Royalty Theatre, I had dared to state what I thought, most probably I should have been assaulted by one of the Independent Theatre Society agents, who conceive that the first fruits of Independ-

ence is to beat your opponent in a public place. For my own part, I am no advocate for theatre rows, and I should courteously advise the "gentlemen" of the Independent Theatre Society to restrain the ardour of their adherents. Nothing is gained by thrusting your fist into your neighbour's face. I suppose we have all as much right to smile in a playhouse as these Independent youths, who have more enthusiasm than good manners.

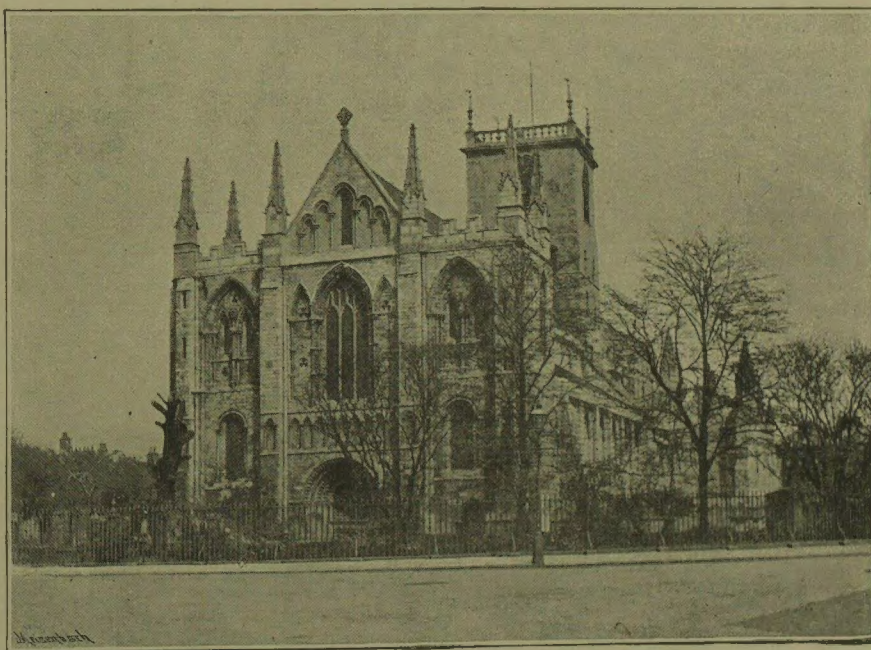
As to "Thérèse Raquin," I should say that it was a moderate success of curiosity. It is in no sense of the word a literary work; but from a certain point of view it is interesting, and it was extremely well acted. The first two acts bored the friendly audience to death. The bed-room scene excited them, and gave them "the creeps," as any horrible story does when it is well told. But before the play came to an end the enthusiasm even of the Independentites had evaporated. One of the warmest supporters of the new cause honestly owned that he would not care to see "Thérèse Raquin" again. I



MONUMENT OF THE LATE BISHOP PARRY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

firmly believe that two thirds of the assembled audience perfectly agreed with him. The paying public will, after all, decide. The Independent Theatre Society, through the mouth of its founders, has declared that it can do without the paying public. We shall soon see if the public can do without the Independent Theatre Society.

These faddists have sufficiently proved that they are not only unpractical but extremely rude. Let me try, on the other hand, to be a little practical and to exercise some courtesy. I shall not begin with telling the new society that they do not wash their hands or indulge in the luxury of clean linen. Nothing is gained by that style of repartee. "You're another," should be reserved for the schoolboy, not the grown man. Now, I firmly believe that there is a public ready to support an art theatre that will virtually be independent of nightly public support. Government grants are out of the question. Nobody wants them. But an art theatre subsidised by a generous private subscription might do great things. In point of fact, it comes to nearly that now. There are very few theatres in existence that are not privately subsidised. How many managers are there who are not "backed" by generous enthusiasts who believe in them? I have often said and often thought that there are innumerable rich men who would, could, and should "patronise" the theatre as one of the fine arts, and help the earnest manager to produce plays that do not necessarily pay or look promising. But this is no new theory—it is as old as the hills. It has been talked about and discussed any time these fifty years. But I do not believe that such men as these—earnest lovers of the beautiful in art, warm advocates of a higher and a nobler literature, anxious to give honour to



SELBY ABBEY, YORKSHIRE, REOPENED AFTER ITS RESTORATION.

the masterpieces of English literature and to encourage genius everywhere—would put down one brass farthing for Ibsen's "Ghosts," or Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," or Tolstol's "Dominion of Darkness." Their mission and their money would be devoted to the divine art that "should paint a possible better world." Art has no affinity with baseness or brutality, and is only friends with beauty!

Miss Bessie Hutton is to be congratulated on her singular success in "The Prince and the Pauper," her father's new version of Mark Twain's romance. She is clever and convincing, and she has a brilliant future before her. But she must not be downhearted if the new play does not succeed at the Vaudeville. I do not think the subject is one for dramatic treatment, and I am sure that the Vaudeville Theatre is not the place for a miniature melodrama.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## DIVING FOR COIN AT ADEN.

Passengers to India on board the commodious vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company usually find the voyage down the Red Sea, from Suez, either depressing by the sultry atmosphere or tedious for want of scenes and incidents to engage their attention when out of sight of the mountains of Midian and the headlands of the Arabian coast. Their arrival at the British port of Aden, though it is not an attractive place, affords some relief during the few hours required for coaling the steamer; and to many English travellers it is a novelty here to get their first sight of a few real specimens of Savage Africa in the half-

naked figures of the "Somali boys," who throng around the vessel, eager for pecuniary largesse, and proud to exhibit their remarkable feats of swimming and diving. Sixpences and shillings, which the ladies and gentlemen on deck willingly bestow for the sake of this amusing performance, are cast into the deep blue water of the anchorage, to be followed with unerring dexterity by those amphibious black fellows, and it is rarely that the gleaming bit of silver is lost. Our Artist has delineated this kind of local marine entertainment in the Sketch that appears on the front page.

## THE LATE BISHOP PARRY.

The monument placed in Canterbury Cathedral to the memory of the late Right Rev. Edward Parry, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Dover, was unveiled in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury on Tuesday, Oct. 13, when his Grace also visited the King's School, and opened the new "Parry" Library, and the museum, which occupies an ancient monastic building of some antiquarian interest. We give an illustration of the cenotaph in the cathedral, with the effigy of Bishop Parry, which is a work of art creditable to the sculptor, Mr. James Forsyth, of Finchley Road, Hampstead. Bishop Parry, who was selected and appointed by Archbishop Tait, reviving the institution of Suffragan Bishops, above twenty years ago, will long be remembered by Churchmen in that part of Kent, where he did excellent work, being also Canon and Archdeacon of Canterbury. His character was described, by the present Archbishop, on this occasion, as "the ideal of a Christian teacher and a Christian gentleman."

## RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

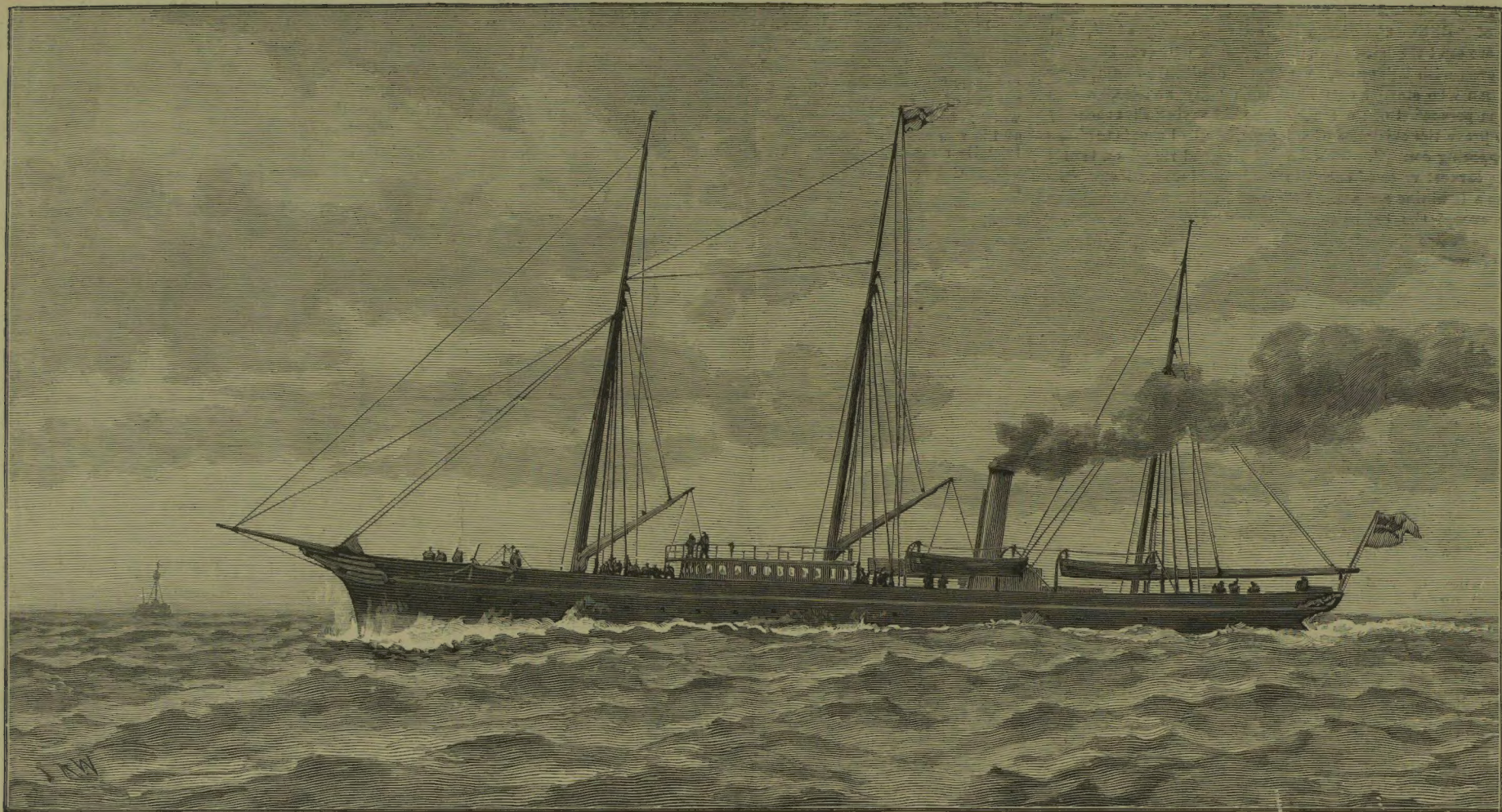
The historical antiquities of the Cinque Ports have been repeatedly noticed, but the fate and present situation of Rye and Winchelsea, on the Sussex coast eastward of Hastings, are so curious as to merit a separate local study and visit of inspection, which may be fitly illustrated by the sketches of a "Rambling" Artist. These old English seaports and once fortified towns, which retained their privileges as Parliamentary and municipal boroughs within the remembrance of this generation, have been unkindly treated by the sea, leaving them high and dry, with almost useless harbours at some distance, so that Winchelsea is now little more than a village, while Rye, as a good cattle-market, still maintains enough trade for its small population. Norman and Plantagenet kings have been proud of Winchelsea, which they visited in going to France or in returning, and during three centuries, especially in the French war of Edward III., it was the scene of occasional fights, sustaining many a brief attack from the opposite neighbour country. Three of the town gates, built under Edward I., are yet to be seen; but the chief architectural monument of Winchelsea is the fine old church, of Decorated Gothic style, dating from about the year 1300; only the chancel and its side aisles now remain, with three canopied tombs of Admirals of the Cinque Ports. Rye has also a very large old church, with Norman tower and transepts; and the Ypres Tower, built probably by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the twelfth century, as well as the Land Gate of the town, are worthy of note. Halfway between these towns are the ruins of Camber Castle, one of the towers erected by Henry VIII. to defend the coast.

## SELBY ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

The Archbishop of York, on Tuesday, Oct. 13, reopened this stately ecclesiastical edifice, after the late work of restoration of the nave. This has cost £7000 or £8000. The architect who has designed and superintended it is Mr. J. Oldred Scott. The Archbishop was assisted by the Bishop of Beverley and the Dean of York; nearly a hundred clergy were present. The ceremony was followed by a public luncheon, at which Lord Londesborough presided. We give a View of Selby Abbey, which we described on a former occasion. It was founded a few years after the Norman followers of William the Conqueror had devastated the whole country beyond the Humber. A French monk of Autun, carrying a sacred relic, the finger of St. Germanus, was directed in a dream to seek this spot on the banks of the Ouse. He set up a wooden cross, and lay under a leafy oak, till the Norman Viscount or

Sheriff of the county, passing in a boat on the river, saw the monk, and soon built him a chapel. Other religious brethren came around Benedict, chose him their Abbot, and lived there with him twenty-seven years. His successor, Abbot Hugh, erected a church and monastic buildings of stone. Much wealth and broad lands were bestowed on Selby Abbey, which was favoured by the Popes in the eleventh century, and became third of the Yorkshire abbeys in importance, after St. Mary's of York and Fountains Abbey. It was suppressed by King Henry VIII., but the church, partly of late Norman, partly of Early English and of Decorated Gothic architecture, is one of the finest ancient edifices in the North of England. The nave had long been disfigured by incongruous woodwork and a flat false roof covered with whitewash. Its restoration has now been effected with much good taste and skill.





THE LATE MR. W. H. SMITH'S STEAM-YACHT PANDORA.

## THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

It is not yet possible to obtain a correct statistical estimate of the immense calamity that has befallen European Russia; but we are told that the harvest has failed this year, wholly or partially, in twenty provinces, though in some instances the loss has been confined to particular districts or villages, while neighbouring places have not suffered. The eastern region, towards the Volga, and north of that river towards the Ural mountains, feels the visitation most severely. In the province of Tambov, a famous corn-growing country, not only the wheat and barley crops have proved nought, but

there is no grass for the cattle or winter fodder, so that the starving peasantry sell their oxen, cows, or horses for a few shillings a head. On the banks of the Volga, around Simbirsk and Kazan, the worst effects of famine are manifest; those districts are beyond the reach of railway traffic, and it seems that little use has been made of the river navigation to send them a needful supply of food. The people have been eating the commonest weeds, mixed with chaff, and baked into loaves which are unwholesome, disgusting, and almost innutritious. A sample loaf, sent by the Bishop of Simbirsk to the Metropolitan at St. Petersburg, was recently exhibited in the Kazan Cathedral. The priests,

monks, and nuns of that city, and of Moscow, have instituted missions to beg among the townfolk for charitable contributions to relieve the starving families in the rural districts. We present a Sketch of a nun soliciting alms in the open street. The Imperial Government does not remain an inactive spectator of these national disasters. By the efforts of the Minister of Finance a large sum of money has been provided to purchase seed-corn, which will be distributed by the local Zemstvos and communal authorities, to enable peasants to sow their lands for next year. This will cost twenty million roubles, while the expenditure of a hundred million roubles will hardly suffice to keep the famished people during the winter.



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA: NUN BEGGING FOR THE RELIEF OF THE PEASANTS.



## THE LAST BATTLE OF THE CHILE CIVIL WAR.

Telegraphic news, in these days, making us correctly acquainted with important actions and events a few hours after they happen on the other side of the globe, has the subsequent effect of lessening the interest of correspondents' written narratives and descriptions coming to hand six weeks later. The end of the fierce and obstinate civil war in the Republic of Chile, by the defeat of President Balmaceda's army, near Valparaiso, on Aug. 28, was made known in London, through New York despatches, two days afterwards; our publication of Sept. 5 contained a fair summary account of the whole conflict and its immediate results, the occupation of Valparaiso and Santiago by the forces of the Republican Congress, and the complete overthrow of Balmaceda's Government. We have now received letters and sketches of that date which enable us to present illustrations of actual scenes in the final battle, having, of course, in the first instance, attempted no more than to give such views of the city of Valparaiso and its neighbourhood, also of the capital city, and portraits of several military or naval commanders and leaders of parties, as seemed to be most interesting from their association with those stirring events. It is needful, however, to recapitulate once more the main facts of so recent a history, and to mention a few details not before reported.

The civil war, provoked by Balmaceda's illegal and arbitrary acts, had continued, virtually, during seven months. He had most of the land forces; his opponents, leaders of the majority in both Houses of Congress, were supported by the officers and seamen of the fleet. Chile is a long narrow strip of country between the Pacific sea-coast and the Andes. The Congress party, with their naval squadron, seized the port of Iquique and the nitrate-yielding province of Tarapaca, eight hundred miles north of Valparaiso. They could not, with the troops they gradually collected, march to the south; Balmaceda had garrisoned Coquimbo, which lay in their way along the sea-coast. His military force at Santiago and Valparaiso was strongly organised. Such was the position of affairs till, in the middle of August, the able General or Colonel del Canto, aided by Admiral George Montt, commanding respectively the troops of the Congress and the naval squadron, prepared one of the boldest and most successful feats of modern warfare.

The squadron and transports with troops from Iquique arrived on Aug. 20 in Quinteros Bay, north of Valparaiso, and



BALMACEDA'S TWO GENERALS, KILLED ON THE LAST BATTLE-FIELD NEAR VALPARAISO.

10,000 soldiers landed that day without opposition. They were 8200 infantry, 600 cavalry, three batteries of field artillery, and a strong naval battery, in three brigades, commanded by Colonels Frias, Salvador Vergara, and Enrique del Canto, with some riflemen and an engineer corps. All had been carefully organised and drilled by Commandant Körner, a German officer, formerly of Moltke's Prussian staff, and the infantry had magazine rifles. Twelve miles southward of their landing-place, in a strong position at Colmo, on the banks of the river Aconcagua, they next day encountered Balmaceda's army of 14,000 men. A battle took place, lasting several hours; the Congress army won a complete victory. A thousand men of the President's army were killed, and a much larger number wounded; 1500 were taken prisoners, with eighteen guns and 170 mules laden with ammunition. The loss of the victors was 300 killed and 700 wounded. They advanced to Viño del Mar, five miles from Valparaiso, and attacked that place, but, finding it too strongly fortified, they turned inland, to the hills about Salto, on Aug. 23 and 24, and destroyed the railway bridge there, on the line from Valparaiso to Santiago. Balmaceda's army, reduced in numbers to 10,000, manœuvred about those hills, during four days, to cut the enemy off from the sea. But General del Canto pushed on up the country, to the east and a little south of Valparaiso, intercepting all communication between the garrison of

that city and the capital, Santiago, which is situated inland, seventy miles distant. On Aug. 27 he was at the farm of Las Cadenas, near Placilla; his army had been augmented to 12,000 men. Next day the decisive final battle was fought. Balmaceda was no soldier; his troops were formed in two divisions, under Generals Alzerreca and Barbosa, who are said to have been jealous of each other; there was no effective co-operation in their movements. The Congress army, with admirable steadiness, the Iquique regiment leading, the Constitution regiment next, ascended the hill crowned by the enemy's artillery, while the Tarapaca regiment made a flanking advance to the right, supported by Körner with the Esmeralda and Pisagua regiments. Balmaceda's army had all the advantage of the ground, as in the first battle; there was equal bravery on both sides; they fought three hours; but at half past ten in the forenoon General del Canto sent the cavalry forward, who, climbing up the steep hills by the road and on all sides of the heights, came unexpectedly on the shaken infantry at the top. This onslaught put the whole army of Balmaceda to utter rout, cutting off the retreat of the two generals, Alzerreca and Barbosa, who were both killed, the latter preferring death to surrender. The battle was over, 3000 men having been taken prisoners, 1000 killed and about 1500 wounded on Balmaceda's side, while General del Canto's losses are put down at 400 killed and nearly 1000 wounded. The victorious troops were quickly reorganised, and started on the march to Valparaiso, seven miles from the battlefield. All resistance being now at an end, there only remained to take possession of the town, and by five o'clock the whole army were in peaceful occupation. The people of Valparaiso greeted the troops of the Congress with an enthusiastic welcome as they marched in, that afternoon, in perfect order, to enter the barracks vacated by President Balmaceda's dispersed and fugitive soldiery. Half an hour later the Almirante Cochrane, one of the ships of the Congress squadron, anchored in the Bay of Valparaiso. The surrender of Santiago took place next day, before the requisite military force to preserve order could arrive.

The scene on the battlefield of Placilla, when the dead bodies of General Alzerreca and General Barbosa lay there, is shown in one of our illustrations. The other is from a collective photograph of the members of the Congress Provisional Government assembled at Iquique just before the actions related in this account.

GENERAL DEL CANTO.

JOAQUIN WALKER-MARTINEZ.

IRARRAZABAL.

ERRAZURIZ.

GENERAL URRUTIA.

COLONEL A. HOLLEY.



DON WALDO SILVA.

ADMIRAL MONTT.

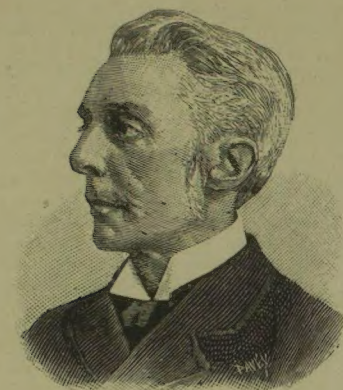
RAMON BARROS-LUCO.

MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AT IQUIQUE.



## PERSONAL.

There was a strange and melancholy coincidence in the fact that Sir John Pope Hennessy, M.P., who led the fight against Mr.



THE LATE SIR J. POPE HENNESSY, M.P.

Parnell in Kilkenny, died within an hour or so of his greater opponent. Sir John died from heart failure at his residence, Rostellan Castle on Oct. 7. He was a notable man in his way. Nearly thirty years ago he was a Catholic Conservative, making for himself a career in public life, a prominent member of the Carlton Club, a friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and a singularly polished and cultured man of the world. He had always certain popular sympathies, which brought him into trouble in more than one of the many colonial appointments which he filled, notably at Hong Kong and Mauritius. At both these places he was in sharp conflict with the English community. At Mauritius, a stubborn contest with Mr. Clifford Lloyd, an Irishman as strong-willed as himself, ended in a nominal victory for Sir John. His last appearance in politics was as a Nationalist (he had always preferred the Home Rule creed) and a nominee of the clericals and Anti-Parnellites in North Kilkenny, where he easily beat Mr. Parnell's candidate, Mr. Vincent Scully. He latterly resigned his membership of the Carlton. His manners were singularly winning, and his small, slight figure, crowned by an acute and refined face, with a Napoleonic nose, had a character of its own. He was a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and had more than one foreign decoration. He was only fifty-nine when he died, though he looked much older.

The Dowager Lady De Ros, one of the comparatively few notable persons who have enjoyed the somewhat doubtful pleasure of perusing their own obituary notices (her death was reported at considerable length in some of the London journals at the end of last year), completed her ninety-sixth year on Sept. 30, and is, happily, still in fair health and in possession of all her faculties. Lady De Ros is the mother of General Lord De Ros, one of the Queen's Lords-in-Waiting, the twenty-first baron of that name, and aunt to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She was present at the historic ball in Brussels given by her father, the fourth Duke of Richmond, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, and her testimony as to the house in which that ball was given was naturally of some interest in the controversy on the subject a few years ago.

Sir Charles Henry John Anderson, who has just died at his Lincolnshire seat, Lea Hall, a big old-fashioned manor house near Gainsborough, in his eighty-seventh year, was a typical country squire and a keen sportsman. He rode well, shot well, and was an expert fisherman; he had also the reputation among his intimate friends of being one of the best letter-writers of his time. He was immensely popular at the Athenæum, his favourite London club, once the haunt of his life-long friend the late Bishop Wilberforce, who was with him at Oriel College, Oxford. He was a thorough-going Conservative and Churchman, and spent large sums on the restoration of various churches in his native county. The family of Anderson is an ancient one, and was well known in Northumberland and in Lincolnshire as early as the fourteenth century. One of the late baronet's ancestors was Sir Edmund Anderson, who, as Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas in 1586, presided over the trial of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Sir Charles, who was the ninth baronet, is also the last, the title, he having no heirs male, dying with him.

Mr. Andrew Graham Murray, the new Conservative member for Buteshire, was born in 1848. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, subsequently studying law at Edinburgh University. He is married to a daughter of Sir William Edmiston, of Dunreath, who from 1874 to 1880 represented Stirlingshire in Parliament. In 1875 Mr. Murray settled down in Edinburgh and became a leading light in Parliament House circles. In 1890 he became Sheriff of Perth, in succession to Sir Charles Pearson, whom he has again succeeded as Scottish Solicitor-General.

With the resumption of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, on Oct. 10, was associated the first appearance in this country, after an absence of many years, of Herr David Popper, one of the most celebrated of contemporary violoncellists. Comparatively few amateurs will recollect hearing this distinguished performer at the Musical Union concerts conducted by the late Professor Ella, about the middle of the "sixties." His name has been known rather as the composer of elegant and effective *morceaux* for his instrument, some of which are really popular. At the Crystal Palace Herr Popper was heard in two of these, a "Berceuse" and a "Spinnlied"; and he also introduced one of his three concertos—in E minor, Op. 24—which proved a most admirable means for the display of his pure, refined tone, artistic phrasing, and clever *bravura* playing. Each of Herr Popper's efforts called forth loud applause. He is, by the way, a pupil of Goltermann, and some years ago became the husband of Madame Sophie Menter.

One of the brightest and mostly deservedly successful of recent American writers is Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, whose portrait appears in the New York Book Buyer for October.



MISS SARA J. DUNCAN.

Miss Duncan, who is not yet thirty years of age, was born in Brantford, Ontario, where her father is a merchant. She had been successively a contributor to the Toronto Globe, the Buffalo Courier, the Washington Post, and the Montreal Star before she wrote those two clever books "A Social Departure: How Theodosia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," and "An American Girl in London"; and finally married Mr. E. C. Coates, who holds a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum at Calcutta, and is the author of several entomological publications. The "Theodosia" of Miss Duncan's "Social Departure" is Miss Lily Lewis, who is also engaged in newspaper and other literary work.

Mr. Parnell, partly on account of the ever-present mystery which surrounded him, is the personality of the hour. The deceased Irish leader's appearance altered greatly at different periods of his life. When the House of Commons first knew him, it was as a handsome man, with lightish brown hair and fine though cold grey eyes, a very upright carriage—which he maintained to the end of his life—well-trimmed beard and moustache, and a slight but admirably proportioned figure. A great change was noticeable in the latter half of the 1886 Parliament and up to the date of the divorce case. His dress grew slovenly, and the Irish leader delighted to array himself in Cardigan jackets of strange hue and pattern and rough frieze suits that seemed made in a country tailor's shop. His face put on a waxen and almost livid hue, the eyes grew red and sunken, though they retained their strange glitter, the cheeks fell in, and the hair was allowed to fall in thin untidy wisps over the coat collar.

His manners altered with his appearance. A certain social distinction always existed between him and his party, but up to about 1883 the relations were cordial—respectfully admiring on the one hand, easily courteous on the other. Gradually Mr. Parnell withdrew himself even from the slight social intercourse in which he had indulged, absented himself from the House for days and even weeks together, refused his address to all and sundry, and flew into strange fits of passion when it happened to be accidentally disclosed or even hinted at. He kept all power in his hands, nursed the funds carefully—he was always a thorough and methodical man of business—and doled out the salaries to the paid members, but exercised only an intermittent control over the policy of his party. There were murmurings and whisperings, but until the great schism they were stifled, as disloyalty to the leader.

The dead man's singular obstinacy of character was revealed in the manner in which he clung successively to the idea, first, that he would beat down resistance in his Parliamentary following; secondly, that he would win in Ireland; and finally that his opportunity would come when the new Home Rule Bill was proposed. When one hope declined he cherished another. "I shall win, they're demoralised," he remarked coolly to a friend in the corridor of the House shortly after one of the stormiest of the meetings in No. 15 Committee Room. So great was his personal ascendancy that every one of his old colleagues, except Mr. Healy, quailed before him. His eye glared with suppressed fury, his voice shook with rage, but all the while he was singularly dignified. The volcanic passions of the man terrified even his friends. "I do not care to be alone with him," said one very attached adherent; and there was something unearthly in his steely resolution, the fixed and fiery purpose of his eyes, his alternation of impassive immobility with Berserk bursts of temper.

Mr. Parnell was all his life an ascetic. He ate and drank little, and his only dissipation was the smoking of small, cheap, mild, but evil-smelling cigars. His manners were fine, though so reserved that hardly one of his fellows can recall a single confidence, save, perhaps, during the shock which the Phoenix Park murders caused him. He was the most uncommunicative of men, and he did not always trouble himself to convey correct impressions to journalists and "interviewers." Apart from politics, his real interests were in agriculture and chemistry. He was a fair metallurgical chemist himself, and loved to dabble in experiments in his laboratory. For books he cared nothing, and he had no culture worth the name.

The late Irish leader had not one of the conventional qualifications of the orator, but few men produced a more remarkable impression on his hearers. The sentences were formless and often ungrammatical, the speaker seeming too indifferent to trouble about rounding them off. He would pause to catch up the thread of his discourse, get confused with his notes and figures, and often mistake arguments and statistics. Yet at his best he gave an idea of personal force which was irresistible. He was then extremely clear and pointed, and his striking appearance, his voice, with a certain ring of quiet scorn in it corresponding to the masterful set of his face, secured for him a more intent audience even than Mr. Gladstone was always able to attract. In such moments he was an orator in spite of himself, a bizarre and significant figure, of whom even the House of Commons stood—in his later years at least—in some degree of awe.

Mr. Parnell was never in his most active days a very constant attendant at the House. He directed his party from afar, and on general principles rather than on points of minute detail. He was even absent when, in the early days of the 1880 Parliament, the Speaker abruptly closed the debate. For the moment the Parnellites seemed checkmated. Mr. Parnell was in bed, and Mr. Healy rushed into his room in a state of great alarm, and hurriedly besought "the chief" to tell him what they ought to do. "Be in your places at twelve to-morrow," answered Mr. Parnell coolly, and turned to sleep again. Next day the battle was resumed and carried on till six the following morning. Mr. Parnell's account of his relations with his followers was always that he had not been strict enough with them. "They call me a dictator," he said, "but I let them have too much law." He was opposed to the Plan of Campaign from the first, but he allowed things to drift in the period of lassitude and indifference which crept on him during his serious illness.

He was generally a sanguine man, and counted far too confidently on getting Irish opinion on his side; but on one occasion he was much more sagacious than his followers. On the evening before the polling at Tipperary his agents received a set of telegrams from all parts of the constituency on which they built a confident anticipation of victory. Mr. Parnell read them through without moving a muscle of his face, made a note or two, and, taking a confidential friend aside, remarked: "I am afraid those fellows will be terribly disappointed to-morrow. The priests have been too many for us. We are beaten by an overwhelming majority." Nevertheless, he never abandoned hope. "Our time," he would say with unflinching confidence, "will come two or three years hence."

He had a curious faculty of keeping his mind open to two sets of impressions at the same moment. During the earlier years of his movement he had to contend with a good many weak-kneed and distrustful followers, who were overpowered by his masterful temper, but neither liked him personally nor believed in his ideas. One day during this period he was in the tea-room of the House of Commons, deeply immersed with a friend in some complicated documents. An Irish member passed him. Mr. Parnell laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Have you spoken in the House?" "Yes; I have moved the adjournment, and can't speak again!" "But you can help to make a House," was the reply, and back went the obedient member, while Mr. Parnell caught up his conversation at the point where he had left it. Presently Mr. Collins, then an Irish Whig, came by. The long arm crept out again and stayed Mr. Collins's progress. "You are going to vote with us?" was the question, with just a hint of menace in it.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Parnell," was the nervous reply. "And you will speak too?" again the note of command. "I—I don't think I can," stammered the unfortunate man. "Well, don't forget your vote," and the dictator turned again quietly to his papers.

Mrs. Sarah Thring, the venerable lady who has recently died at Hornblotton, Somersetshire, at the great age of 101, was the daughter of the Rev. John Jenkyns, vicar of Evercreech, widow of the Rev. John Gale Thring, of Alford House, Somersetshire, and mother of four sons, all of whom have distinguished themselves by their intellectual gifts. Her eldest son, Theodore, who died two days after his mother, was at one time a Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Liverpool. Henry, the second son, had also a distinguished legal career, was Parliamentary Counsel to the Government, and was created Baron Thring in 1886. Her third son, the Rev. Edward Thring, was Head Master at Uppingham; while the fourth (at whose house Mrs. Thring passed away) is the Rev. Godfrey Thring, Prebendary of Wells, rural dean, rector of Alford-cum-Hornblotton, and the author of several popular hymns.

There are not many "Radicals" among prominent Churchmen, but of these may be counted Canon Scott Holland, Canon Farrar, Prebendary Eyton, Professor Shuttleworth, and others who have formed a "Christian Social Union" for the study of social questions in the light of Christianity.

Mr. George Wallis, F.S.A., who has just retired from the position of Keeper of the Art Collections at South Kensington Museum, is associated



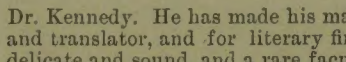
MR. GEORGE WALLIS, F.S.A.

with forty years' excellent work in the cause of industrial art. Mr. Wallis delivered his first lecture, on the application of art to manufactures, as far back as 1839. In those days examples of English art-work were despised: foreign pictures and *objets d'art* filled the home market. Mr. Wallis, however, had faith in his country's artistic future, and he laboured with pen and tongue to spread his creed. The Prince Consort recognised his worth by giving a succession of important posts in connection with the great Exhibition of 1851, and at its close he succeeded to the Head Mastership of the Birmingham School of Design. Two years later he served on the Commission, of which Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Charles Lyall were members, reporting on the art industries of the United States, and had a considerable share in its very useful work. Mr. Wallis is an artist by profession, though he has not of late exhibited in public galleries. Few men can look back on a more fruitful career.

Mr. John Williams, M.A., the chief editor of Messrs. Cassell and Co., died on Wednesday, Oct. 7, at his house in Kensington, and was buried in West Brompton Cemetery on Monday, the 12th. Mr. Williams was educated at Marlborough School and Trinity College, Oxford, and retained an affectionate remembrance of both places, his interest in them being probably kept up by the many opportunities for renewing old acquaintances offered by the position of editor to a large publishing firm. In addition to the general supervision which he exercised during the last few years over his department at La Belle Sauvage he was personally responsible for "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" and other important works. He was a man of wide culture and catholic tastes. To music especially he had always been a devotee, having been in earlier days musical critic to the *Echo*, and being himself a fair performer on the violoncello. He had also some knowledge of art, and was able to take credit to himself for the discovery of the talent (as an illustrator of books) of Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A.

Dr. Richard Claverhouse Jebb, who was elected on Oct. 10 member for Cambridge University in succession to the late

Mr. Raikes, is perhaps the most distinguished living Grecian that this country boasts. Born in Dundee just fifty years ago; he is an Irishman by descent, and his family on his father's side counts more than one notable man. His education began at Dublin, was continued at Charterhouse, and ended at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he has been fellow and tutor. He was senior classic in 1862, and seven years later was chosen public orator to the University, and to-day he is Regius Professor of Greek in succession to the great



PROFESSOR R. C. JEBB, M.P.

Dr. Kennedy. He has made his mark both as a classical editor and translator, and for literary finish, a scholarship at once delicate and sound, and a rare faculty for idiomatic renderings of difficult passages his editions of the "Ajax" and "Electra" of Sophocles stand next to Conington's "Virgil" among the works of modern English classical editors. Less ponderous, and, perhaps, too, less original than the Germans, Dr. Jebb is far more eloquent and often more luminous. He has also written "Selections from the Attic Orators," "A Life of Richard Bentley"—the great scholar—for "English Men of Letters," and other works, and the credit of the movement for founding a British School of Classical and Archaeological Studies at Athens belongs mainly to him. He is a man of considerable social charm, and he is married to a brilliant and beautiful wife.

Since Mr. W. H. Smith's lamented death, interesting examples of his unobtrusive munificence to the Church have come to light. Although we have not seen the fact referred to, we believe Mr. Smith was born a Wesleyan.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Our portrait of the late Sir J. Pope Hennessy is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; that of Mr. Wallis, F.S.A., from one by Messrs. Martin and Swallow, 416, Strand, W.C.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The new King of Würtemberg has elected to reign under the title of William II. He has been twice married, his first wife was Princess Marie of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who died in 1882; his second wife is Princess Charlotte of Schaumburg-Lippe. William II. is forty-four years of age and has no son. In the event of his demise without male issue, the crown of Würtemberg would pass to the Catholic branch of the family—a prospect which is by no means pleasing to the nation, two thirds of whom are Protestants.

The funeral of the late King took place at Stuttgart on Oct. 9, and was an imposing ceremony. The German Emperor was present, together with the new King and Queen and Queen Olga, widow of the deceased monarch. Among those present were Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the English Minister to Würtemberg. However, as the late King desired his funeral to be private, no member of the imperial and royal families of Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, or Italy was specially sent to Stuttgart to attend the ceremony.

The Autumn Session of the Austrian Reichsrath was opened on Oct. 8 at Vienna. In the Hungarian Chamber the Budget for 1892 was introduced by the Minister of Finance a few days ago. It shows a small surplus of 12,955 florins only, the expenditure amounting to 395,340,941 florins, and the revenue to 395,353,936 florins. It is announced that the Minister of Finance has declared that for some years it will be impossible to reduce the common expenditure of Austria and Hungary, and that, on the contrary, additional expenditure will have to be incurred to meet the requirements of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The additional outlay for the current year is estimated at about 5,000,000 florins. It is expected that this statement will give rise to considerable discussion and to a few heated debates when the Delegations meet in November next.

Notwithstanding that a reward of 10,000 florins has been offered by the Governor of Bohemia for the apprehension of the author or authors of the Reichenberg outrage, no clue has as yet been found. Baron Leitenberger, a wealthy manufacturer of Reichenberg, has added a sum of 2000 florins to that promised by the Governor, and the police are displaying great activity, but all to no purpose. It has, however, been ascertained that some months ago a Viennese merchant received an anonymous communication, urging him to caution the Emperor not to go to Prague, as a terrible accident would befall him if he went.

The famine in Russia still continues, and the misery and sufferings of the people are said to be terrible, although an outlay of thirty millions of roubles has already been incurred by the Russian Finance Minister for the relief of the peasants. Among the German settlers along the Volga the famine has been followed by sickness, and thousands of people are down with typhus. The most praiseworthy efforts are being made by all classes of Russians to relieve the sufferers; but there seems to be a want of organisation to administer and distribute efficiently the funds collected by newspapers, charitable associations, and a number of local committees. The Czar has countermanded all State balls this season, so as to send in the money thus saved to the Famine Relief Fund, and the example thus set by his Majesty has been followed by the fashionable world of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who are denying themselves costly luxuries and devoting the money to the relief of the sufferers. The officers of several regiments have also resolved to abstain from champagne, so as to be able to contribute to the Famine Fund.

Count Leo Tolstoi has written to the Russian papers that he authorises everyone to publish in Russia or abroad all the works he has written since 1881. This permission he gives gratuitously, and the works may be published in Russian or in any foreign tongue.

The incident which occurred during the visit of the French pilgrims to the Pantheon in Rome has been turned to account by the partisans of Signor Crispi, who tried to make political capital out of it, but without much success. The Italian Government, as a matter of course, have every reason not to favour an agitation started by their rivals, and to let the matter be forgotten as soon as possible. For other reasons the French Government are equally anxious that the incident should be allowed to drop into oblivion, so that there is no occasion to fear that the relations between France and Italy may become strained on account of the foolish freak of some irresponsible persons.

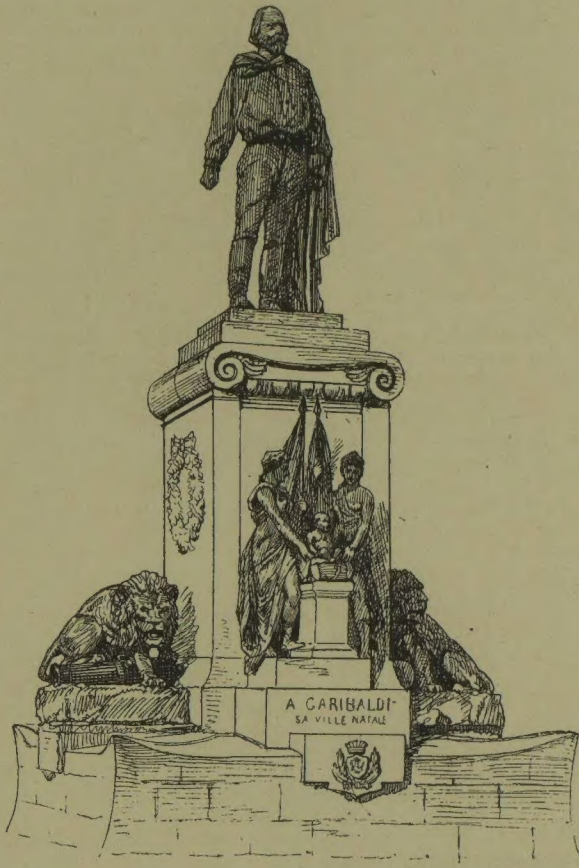
A meeting between M. de Giers and the Marquis de Rudini took place at Milan on Oct. 13, and the interview is considered as being favourable to the maintenance of the peace of Europe. After the meeting the two statesmen travelled together to Monza, when they were received by King Humbert.

On Oct. 8 the city of Marseilles was graced by the presence of the French Premier and four of his colleagues, on the occasion of the inauguration of the great drainage works which are to be carried out in the town. It was high time that the Marseilles municipal authorities bestirred themselves, for their city was one of the most unhealthy, if one of the finest, in the South of France. In the evening a grand banquet was held, at which M. de Freycinet and his colleagues were present, when, most unexpectedly, one of the speeches gave an interesting and satisfactory political character to the proceedings. The Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Buis, made an important speech, in which he asserted that there was no secret treaty between King Leopold and Germany, and that he was authorised to say that such a treaty never existed. He disclaimed all wish on the part of King Leopold to annex a part of French territory, adding these significant words: "We know, and the King knows it as well as we, that compulsory annexations are like chains attached to a nation."

The Queen of Spain and the royal family went to Burgos on Oct. 12, and were enthusiastically received. The Queen on the day after her arrival visited Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Fletcher and other sufferers from the recent railway accident. With regard to the Consuegra disaster, official statistics published by the Spanish Government show that the accounts of the inundations were greatly exaggerated, and that the number of victims did not exceed five hundred. The subscriptions for the relief of the victims amount to about £40,000.

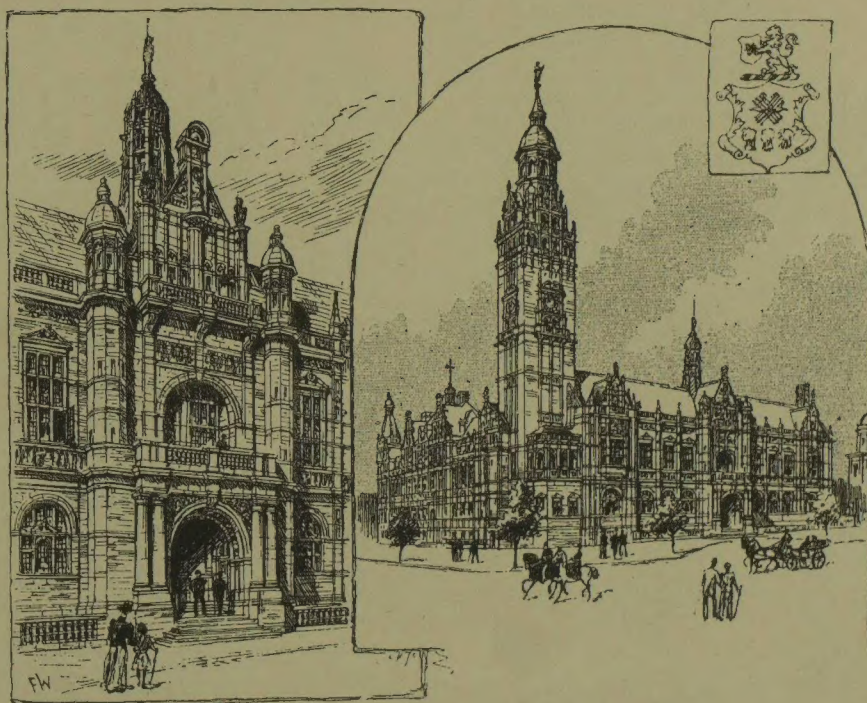
## THE GARIBALDI STATUE AT NICE.

It has become, in the lapse of thirty years, a matter of mere past history that the gay city of the Riviera, which has prospered so greatly by the resort of English and foreign visitors, winter after winter, since it has belonged to France, was formerly part of the "Kingdom of Sardinia," whose King, Victor Emmanuel, became King of Italy by the revolutions of 1860, consequent on the war against Austria in 1859. Nice was never a part of Italy, any more than Savoy; geographically, it belongs to Provence; the accident of Garibaldi's birth in that town, in 1807, his parents having come there from the Genoese coast, would not make Nice Italian. But the erection of a statue of that great hero of Italian patriotism in his birthplace is an act of manifest propriety;



STATUE OF GARIBALDI AT NICE, HIS BIRTHPLACE.

and all good French Republicans, mindful that he last fought in defence of France, in the war of 1870, have cordially welcomed the inauguration of this monument. Garibaldi's fame, or, rather, the example of his virtues, is a cherished possession of European democracy, which has, after all, too strong a hold on the popular mind to be checked, in such a demonstration of personal attachment, by the temporary diplomatic estrangement of Italy from France. The Government of the French Republic therefore deputed M. Rouvier, the Minister of Commerce, on Oct. 3, to unveil the statue, which had been completed by aid of a grant from the Municipal Council of Nice. It is to be regretted that the Italian Government did not allow its Minister in Paris to attend this ceremony, in honour of the chivalrous volunteer soldier of his country, to whose valour the Crown of Italy is indebted for its Sicilian and Neapolitan provinces.



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AT SHEFFIELD.

Only the Italian Consul at Nice and some half-dozen Liberal members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies were present on this occasion, besides General Canzio, a son-in-law of Garibaldi, and the veteran Hungarian General Türr, one of his old comrades in the War of Liberation. The Prefect of the Department and the Municipality of Nice took part in the proceedings. M. Rouvier, on behalf of France, made a generous and gracious speech, to which no Italian responded. We give an illustration of the statue, which was designed by the late M. Etex, but was finished by another sculptor, M. Deloye. The King of Italy has conferred on him an honorary distinction, and has also expressed due acknowledgment of the amicable token of regard for Italy vouchsafed by the French Government and by the local authorities of Nice.

## ART NOTES.

The provincial publishers are beginning to give evidence that London and Paris are not the only places where good work can be achieved with the needle and graver. There is more than customary promise in the engraving of Mr. Haynes Williams's "Sweet Silence," just issued by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol—a group which, it must be allowed, lends itself to reproduction. The story is the old one of silence giving consent; and one can understand from the face of the man that he endures the thought that words unspoken, like songs unsung, are often sweeter than those which flow too readily from the lips.

The etching of "Boston Stump" by Mr. G. Barrett (Dodd, Boston) is an even more important work, and, although a trifle dark and heavy in some of its lines, gives a fine idea of one of the finest specimens of the later Perpendicular style of architecture in this country. It is, however, rather to Americans (to our shame, be it said) that Boston appeals more than to Englishmen; for to one of the latter visiting the quaint old town—which at one time was only surpassed by London itself for its seagoing trade—fifty Americans make it the object of a journey. It was from St. Botolph's town—or Boston—that in 1633 John Cotton, the vicar, set forth in the Griffin to join the colony of Pilgrim Fathers who in 1620 had set sail in the Mayflower; and the superior energy of the later comers caused New Plymouth to shrink into obscurity beside New Boston. But it is not only because of its associations that "Boston Stump" attracts attention. It is, perhaps, the finest of that wonderful series of seaboard churches which dot the eastern coast of England from Barton-on-Humber to Walton-on-the-Naze, most of which served in bygone times as landmarks, and often as lighthouses, to the toiling mariners. Of Boston this is most true, as Longfellow once wrote—

Far over leagues of land  
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,  
And far around the chiming bells are heard.  
So may that sacred name for ever stand,  
A landmark and a symbol of the power  
That lies concentrated in a single word!

The chimes, alas! are a thing of the past, and, if they still "play uppe for 'The Brides of Mavis Enderby,'" it is with a very different sound to that they gave in bygone times. Mr. Barrett's view of the old tower is taken from the south-west, and gives a fair idea of the grace and grandeur contained in this interesting building.

The ladies, it would seem, are doing good service in the fields of archaeology, and, unlike many men-workers, are not disposed to hide their lights. At the beginning of November we shall have Miss J. E. Harrison lecturing at South Kensington on "Ares and Aphrodite" (Mars and Venus), when she proposes to show the reason that the God of War and the Goddess of Love appear conjointly in Art, Literature, and Worship. About the same time, Miss K. A. Raleigh—who, by the way, was Miss Harrison's pupil—is going to give a course of lectures on the marbles of the Parthenon in the Elgin Room of the British Museum. We hope she will also lead her audience up the newly completed Mausoleum Room, which is now open, and where are brought together some of the finest specimens of Lycian sculpture in this or any country, the greater number of which we owe to the energy and perseverance of Sir Charles Newton, whose bust appropriately looks down upon this rare treasure-house.

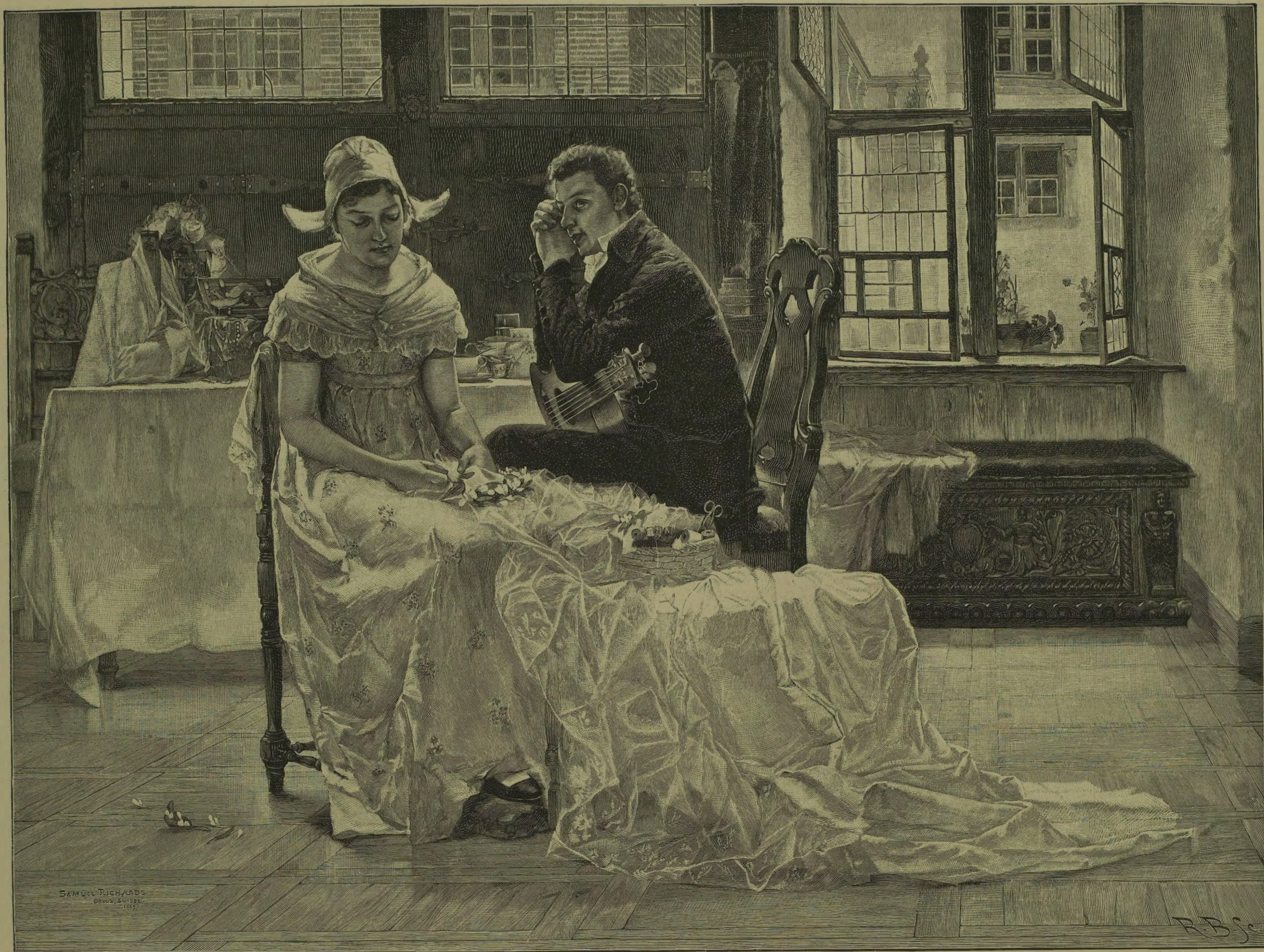
Early in November an exhibition of exceptional interest will be opened at the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond Street. A spacious gallery will be devoted to the important work on which Mr. Herbert Schmalz has been engaged for so long, entitled "The Return from Calvary." Mr. Schmalz went to Palestine on purpose to get the true atmosphere and local colouring of the picture. In an adjoining gallery will be exhibited a collection of smaller pictures by the same artist, the fruits of a journey from Jerusalem to Damascus.

At the time of their exhibition at the Society of Lady Artists, we called attention to Miss Patty Townsend's sketches of George Eliot's country. "Here and There," by Mr. G. G. Kilburne and Miss Lilian Russell, has now been reproduced in book form (Raphael Tuck and Sons), with letterpress by Mrs. Swynnerton. The volume will be welcome to those who wish to have before their eyes some idea of the surroundings of Janet Dempster, Milly Barton, Maggie Tulliver, and other friends. Others will find more immediate interest in the views of South Farm, Arbury, where Mary Ann Evans herself was born; of Chilvers Coton, where she first went to school; of the garden at Griff, with its endless succession of spring and summer flowers, which grew much as they pleased, but always luxuriantly; or of Shepperton Church, where the old-fashioned services left such a strong impression upon the novelist that even in her latest years she was able to recall the minutest details of her Sunday life. With some of the attempts to depict the characters of George Eliot's stories we can scarcely express equal satisfaction, but this is a question of taste rather than of criticism. Some, doubtless, will be found who may find in the treatment of Janet Barton's repentance, of Milby Vicarage, or Sarah Shilton, the prototype of "Caterina," a fair realisation of the picture conjured up by the novelist; but all will be interested in the portrait of Milly Barton, in reality Mrs. Groythers, who gave the original sketch to an old nurse, "Nancy," from whom Miss Townsend obtained its loan. By the aid of Mr. Cross's "Life of George Eliot" and other biographies it has become comparatively easy to identify many of the scenes among which George Eliot's characters lived, and of these hints the authors of this prettily got up volume have taken abundant advantage.

## NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, SHEFFIELD.

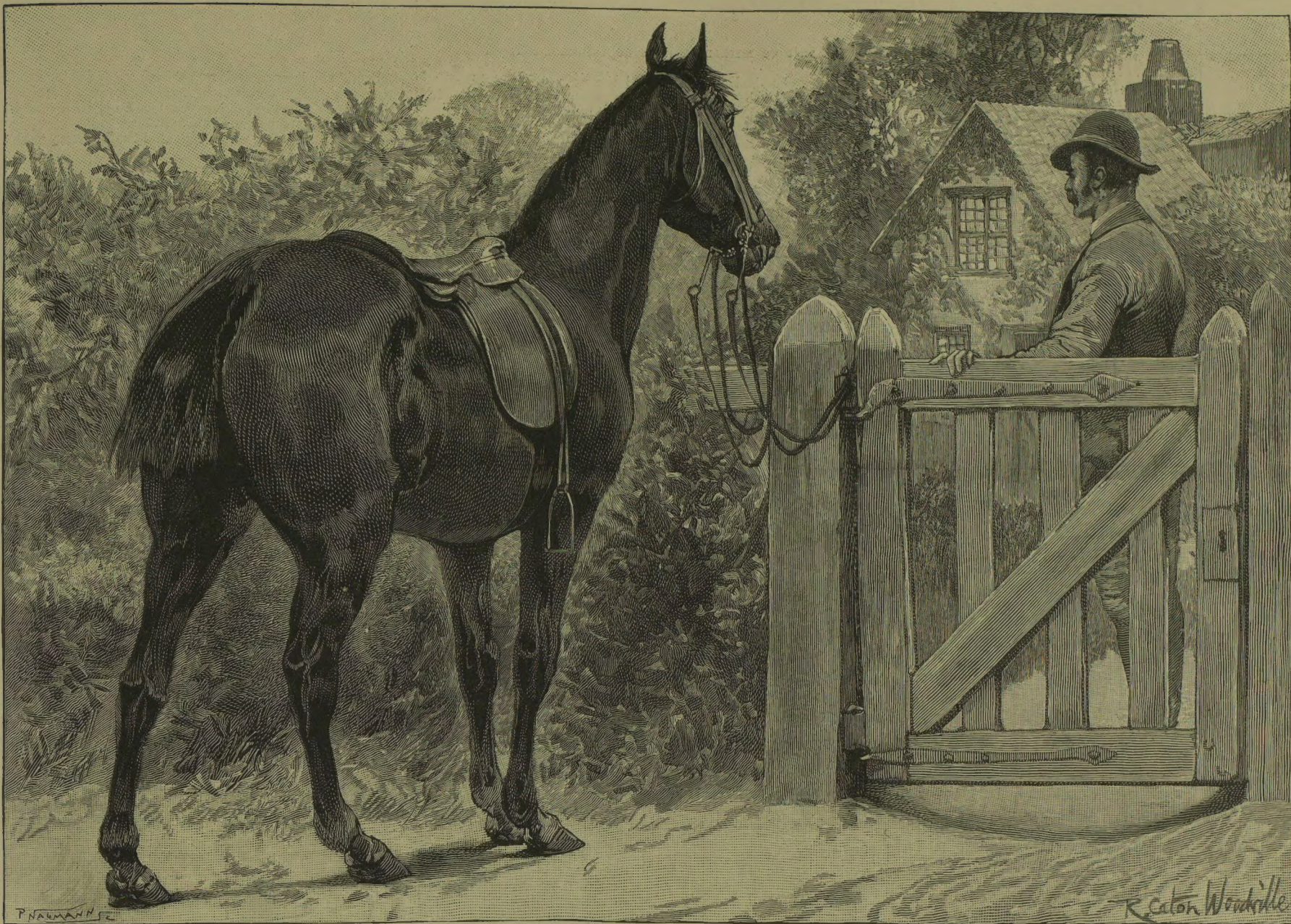
These buildings, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the Ninth of October, will stand at the angle of Pinstone Street and Surrey Street, with the lofty tower at the corner, and with the chief entrance in Pinstone Street. They will comprise the Town Council chamber, the Mayor's apartments and reception-rooms, and those of the Town Clerk and other borough officials, and the first floor, reached by a handsome marble staircase; and the offices of the Borough Accountant, with other business offices, on the ground floor. The front of the buildings will be of Stoke Hall stone; the style is Modern Renaissance, of an English type, without excessive ornamentation. The architect is Mr. E. W. Mountford, whose design was selected from those of 179 competitors by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., acting as professional adviser to the Corporation. Mr. Edmund Gabbutt, of Liverpool, is contractor for the buildings, the estimated cost of which is nearly £84,000.





"THE WEDDING DRESS."—PICTURE BY SAMUEL RICHARDS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.





Geoffrey dismounted, hitched his horse's reins over the post of the rustic gate, and passed up the walk.

## "COME, LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE"

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

#### INTRODUCES THE GAFFER.

Gnomes that pile the golden heaps,  
Busy when the whole world sleeps,  
Pile them high around the bed  
While he lies, half quick, half dead!  
Let him see, when he doth rise,  
Golden heaps 'neath golden skies—  
Till his soul and sense and thought  
Are to that complexion wrought.—*The Gold Fays.*

Catherine Thorpe had not exaggerated her troubles. She had for some time past had the greatest possible difficulty in making both ends meet, and this in spite of the zealous care and good advice of her right-hand man and overseer.

Besides the eight hundred acres of the farm proper, she leased some hundred acres of pasturage on the Weald, several miles away, and the whole formed a large extent of land for a woman to look after and farm to advantage. Seed crops were no longer profitable, owing to the influx of foreign grain, and nearly all the acreage was devoted to meadowland and grass. Of late years, however, even the raising of stock had been less profitable, and Catherine, mainly for lack of capital, found herself crippled even in that direction. Still, the land was such good land, and so close to the best markets, that a little more capital would have made Catherine, with Geoffrey's aid, a well-to-do woman.

Her sex, as may be readily guessed, was much against her. The farmers in the neighbourhood shrugged their shoulders at the idea of a feminine rival, and the people at the Bank, full of good old conservative prejudice, were far less accommodating to her than they would have been to a male creature of half her shrewdness and talent. But, indeed, if the truth must be told, Catherine's notions of farming were entirely rudimentary. It was Geoffrey the overseer who really managed matters, but, unfortunately, he had to submit himself to indiscreet interferences on the part of his mistress. With a quite free hand he might have made the farm profitable, for he was clever and far-seeing.

There was but one opinion among those who conceived themselves best fitted to form a judgment: that Catherine's position was anomalous and against that law of nature which points to male supremacy, that her only chance of salvation was to marry, and that (in default of a wealthier suitor of the breed "farmer") she might do worse than marry Geoffrey Doone. Yet, curiously enough, Catherine herself never guessed

that gossip was connecting her with Geoffrey in that way. From childhood upwards she had looked upon him as a sort of elder brother, left in her father's place to look after her. Not unfrequently she would say to him, "When you marry, Geoffrey—and of course you will when Miss Right comes along—what will become of us all here at the farm?" And the poor fellow, whose heart was empty with long yearning, would answer, smiling, "I shall never marry; I'm far better off as I am."

Diffident of his own powers of attraction, reminded again and again that Catherine had never looked upon him in the light of a possible lover, Geoffrey continued to wear the mask and hold his peace. But when the state of affairs began to grow threatening, and he realised how necessary it was for him, if the farm was to thrive, to possess full authority, he began to hope a little, and perhaps he would have spoken, had he not suddenly become aware of the fact that Catherine had fixed her affections upon another man—young George Kingsley, only son of Gaffer Kingsley of The Warren.

Geoffrey alone, guided by the insight of love, realised the situation, and saw that Catherine, usually so calm and self-contained, so incapable of mere fancies and flirtations, was spellbound by George's handsome face. Although he perceived, at the same time, that George was utterly indifferent to Catherine, and completely fascinated by Bridget, the fact did not lessen his personal despair of ever winning his mistress's affections.

Sick and weary at heart, he left George Kingsley with the two women, and mounting his horse in the farmyard, followed a rough country road which led to the neighbouring village. His torture that day had reached its culmination. The young man's sunny presence, Catherine's secret looks of happy admiration, her simple confidence and happiness, Bridget's complete unsuspicion, had all tormented him beyond endurance. Once in the open air, he breathed more freely, but his face was still heavily clouded as he walked his horse slowly downhill between the high honeysuckled hedges, and so deep was his abstraction that he scarcely noticed the approach of an old man who, at the first glance, might have been taken for some itinerant beggar. Coming close, however, he recognised old Kingsley, usually known in impolite circles as "the Gaffer."

A little wizened old man, fox-like of complexion and expression, with small cunning eyes, shaggy eyebrows, a savage ill-tempered mouth, and a low projecting forehead. He wore an ancient coat of moleskin much stained and

bedraggled, moleskin knee-breeches, coarse stockings, and blucher boots laced with pieces of string. Bareheaded, he held in his hand an old wideawake, with which he fanned himself as, puffing and blowing, and leaning on a thick staff, he climbed the hill.

"Good day, Gaffer," said Geoffrey, drawing rein. "Going up to the farm?"

"Where else should I be goin'?" snarled the old man. "This road don't lead other ways as I knows on. Say, you!—Is my son Jarge up yonder?"

"Yes, you'll find him there."

"And the women too, I s'pose? Which o' them penniless wenches is the vule coorting, eh?"

"You'd better ask him yourself," answered Geoffrey, frowning and shrugging his shoulders. "I didn't know that he was courting anybody, and when you talk of Miss Catherine or Miss Bridget, I'll ask you to keep a civil tongue in your head."

The Gaffer grinned maliciously, and, resting both hands on his staff, gazed up into the eyes of the overseer.

"Cock o' the walk, you! But maybe some day you'll come to your senses. Will ye tell me another thing: Who's goin' to pay me my money? Fortnight's grace's run out all but twenty-four hours, and if I don't get the brass on my mortgage, I'll foreclose and sell. See?"

"You won't do that!" cried Geoffrey, quickly.

"Won't I? Then you wait and find out! Shall I tell 'ee a secret? This farm's goin' into the market, and I'm goin' to ha' it. Farm joins farm. Wi' this place and The Warren, 't will make fifteen hundred acres, seed and growin' land."

As the old man spoke, with all the relish of one who anticipates a feast, his little ferret's eyes gleaming, his low brow wrinkling over his puckered cheeks, he seemed such an incarnation of avarice and malignity that Geoffrey's fingers itched to strangle him out of life. But suddenly the Gaffer's face changed to another expression. The features softened, the malicious grin returned.

"Say, you!" he cried. "There's one way out o' it, maybe. If Catherine can't pay, she can take a partner; land joins land. The wench needs a master, and she might do worse than wed."

"Wed!" echoed Geoffrey, as the truth dawned slowly upon him. "Why, you don't mean?"

"I mean I'll ha' her, if she's willing!" said the Gaffer, with a wink and a nod.

Geoffrey looked aghast, and longed more than ever to



exterminate him. The very thought of Catherine uniting herself to the old monster seemed like blasphemy. The old man saw what was passing in his mind, and proceeded with an air of diabolical enjoyment—

"Maybe you'd like to wed the wench yourself, and be cock o' the walk still, eh? But you're nobody, and I'm somebody, see? I'm hale and strong, tho' I ha' berried three wives already, and 'twould be a good match—a good match."

Whether he spoke in earnest or merely with a view of enjoying Geoffrey's irritation, the Gaffer seemed hugely in love with his own suggestion of a way to solve all difficulties, but the expression of his face changed to one of terror when the overseer, lowering down upon him, and pressing his horse close as if to smite him down, said in a voice low and deep with passion—

"You old rat! Say another word like that, or speak of it to Miss Catherine, and you'll have to reckon with me. You, you, with both feet in the grave, half dead and rotten already!"

"Well, no offence!" cried the Gaffer, looking livid.

With an angry exclamation, Geoffrey reined back his horse suddenly and rode away. The Gaffer tottered, the staff fell from his hands, and he almost followed it to the ground; then, gathering himself together, and muttering feeble imprecations, he stopped, picked up his staff, and hobbled up the hill.

The afternoon sun was shining golden over fields and meadows, the haze of heat was thickening, and even in the shadows of the lanes dwelt all the warmth of summer. With a heart full of bitterness and anger, Geoffrey Doone walked on indifferent to all outward sights and sounds, until, turning an angle of the lane, he reached a small two-storied cottage, shadowed by a gnarled old walnut-tree, and swathed to the pendent eaves in creeping plants, their mass of summer greenery deeply touched here and there with the gold, purple, and scarlet of autumn. It stood back from the road, and the garden in front of it, bisected by a short gravelled walk, lined on either side with a row of oyster-shells, leading to the low-browed door, was bare but for a patchy growth of odorous shrub. No smoke came from the chimney, and the place looked chill and deserted in the bright vivid sunshine of the declining day.

Geoffrey dismounted, hitched his horse's reins over the post of the rustic gate, and then stood, fumbling absently in his pocket for the key, and looking dolefully at the house. Then, with a scarcely perceptible shrug, he passed up the walk, unlocked the door, and walked into the front room. The ceiling, which had once been white, was nearly as dark as the brown-painted walls, and the small, heavily latticed window, further darkened by curtains of some sombre material, admitted but little light. A heavy oaken mantelpiece projected nearly half across the room, and a small modern firegrate, built in the recess of the generous old-fashioned hearth, was flanked on either hand by a solidly built settle. The fire was laid, and a kettle stood over the coals, to which Geoffrey, in the same absent fashion, applied a match. He stood with his hat tilted on to the extreme back of his head, and his hands plunged to the depths of his pockets, watching the broadening flame, and shaping his lips to a soundless whistle, which ended with a sigh and a shrug.

Over the old-fashioned dresser, garnished with a few willow-pattern plates and teacups, was a rude shelf, supporting a dozen well-used volumes: "The Complete Farrier," a portly Bible and Book of Common Prayer, once gorgeous with much gilding, which had faded under the dust of years; Milton's poems, an odd volume of the "Spectator," and a small library of bucolic lore. The lonely bachelor, sick of his hopeless thoughts, turned to the shelf and took down a volume at hazard, stowed himself in a chintz-covered armchair by the window, and began to read. But the words carried no meaning to his troubled mind, and before his eyes had travelled over half a page he let the volume fall to his knees, and sat gazing through the window with a face whose

expression gradually changed from one of pure boredom and worry to intent and earnest thought.

He rose and paced to and fro in the kitchen, rubbing a wrinkled forehead with a heavy hand.

"Have I the right to do it?" he murmured. "How would she take it? She's as proud as Lucifer. Pooh! If I did it, she'd have to take it, and as to what she thought of me—well, I couldn't be farther off from hope than I am. I'll do it!"

He drove a clenched fist hard into the open palm of his other hand, and walked out of the cottage, unheeding the cheerful hum of the kettle, now singing merrily on the crackling fire. With the aspect of a man firmly fixed upon some desperate course of action, he drew out his watch.

"I've got five-and-twenty minutes. The mare can do it in that time." He sprang to the saddle, and started the mare with a smart pat on the haunch. "Get along, old lady!" He

knew old Adams, the farmer, I suppose? Died the other day, you know—when was it—Thursday?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I knew him. What about him?"

"I was his legal adviser," said the old man, glancing at a blue bag which lay on the seat of the dogcart beside him. "In fact, I drew up his will for him."

"Yes?" said Geoffrey. "He hasn't left me much, I suppose?"

"No," said the lawyer, and, rather irrelevantly as it seemed to Geoffrey, inquired, "How are things going on at the farm?"

"Pretty much as usual," answered Geoffrey, in a tone as nearly commonplace as he could make it.

"Pretty much as usual, eh?" repeated the lawyer. "Ah! Miss Catherine well?"

"Very well, thank you."

The lawyer rubbed his chin and glanced askance at his companion.

"Queer old chap, old Adams! Very close. Cut up for an amount which surprised me. I thought I knew his figure pretty well, but I was much below it—much below it."

"And neither chick nor child to leave it to," said Geoffrey, as he thought, with a sigh, how little of the old farmer's wealth would have brought gladness to the aching heart of the woman he loved. "How has he left it?"

"Ah! my dear Sir! You really mustn't ask. Professional men are bound to be secret about their clients' business."

"Founded a hospital or an almshouse for old bachelors, I suppose—the grumpy old curmudgeon!" said the young man.

"You'll know in good time," said the lawyer; "and when you do, you'll be surprised—or my name isn't Hillford. And so affairs at the farm are really just as usual, eh? That mortgage affair—the old Gaffer? Terrible old screw! And no friend to my profession—does nearly all his law business for himself, and not so badly for an amateur. It will be a happy day for Miss Catherine when she is out of his clutches."

"I'm in a hurry, if you'll excuse me," said Geoffrey, curtly. "Good-night!"

"Good-night to you," responded the lawyer, and drove on, happily unconscious of the low-breathed anathemas the young man fulminated against him as his watch told him he had wasted five minutes of his precious time.

Geoffrey urged his horse to a brisker speed, and presently clattered on to the cobbles of the main street of the little market town. A three-storey building, the ground floor windows of which were plate glass, surmounted by their inscription, in green letters, "County Bank Branch, Limited," stood a little back from the irregular line of houses on his right. He reined in before it.

"As I thought!" he cried, in a tone of deep vexation. "I should have been in time if that old fool had not stopped me!"

He sat biting his nails angrily for a second or two, and then, dismounting, threw the rein to a boy

lounging near, and knocked at a green-painted door in the side of the building.

"Ask Mr. Purdon if he could be kind enough to give me a moment of his time," he said to the maid, and being ushered into a parlour on the first floor, stood looking out upon the street till awakened from his reverie by the entrance of the banker.

"It's quite irregular, I know," he said, after exchanging greetings, "to come on business after business hours, but I want to draw a little money from my account. It's extremely important."

"Well," said the banker, "it is a little irregular, but still, if it is really important, I might manage it. What's the amount?"

Geoffrey named the sum he required, and Mr. Purdon left the room, returning presently with a roll of notes.

"You had better give me a receipt if you haven't your cheque-book," he said, as he handed them over to the young man.

Geoffrey wrote the required document, shook hands with the banker with reiterated thanks for his courtesy, and,



"Eh, young missie, what ails ye? Happen ye think I know nowt and see nowt, but I can see as far into things as most men."

looked, as he clattered along the deserted road, as if he were charging an invisible enemy, his lips set, his brows knitted above his keen, determined grey eyes.

At a bend of the road he came in sight of a natty little dogcart being driven at a sharp pace towards him by an old gentleman of rather formal aspect. He sat very stiff in his seat, with his whip held straight up like a sceptre. His face was clean-shaven but for two small grey whiskers of the mutton-chop formation, accurately trimmed, and behind a pair of clearly glittering gold spectacles shone a pair of keen grey eyes, rather deeply set in their orbits. Geoffrey would have continued his way with a mere rapid salute in passing; but the old gentleman pulled up at sight of him, and the young overseer slackened his speed, and brought his horse to a stand beside the dogcart.

"Fine evening," said the old gentleman.

"Very," said Geoffrey. "But I suppose you didn't stop a busy man to tell him that?"

The elder man coughed behind his hand, covered with a shining black glove.

"Well, no," he said, and hesitated for a moment. "You



descending to the street, threw a threepenny-bit to the boy who held his horse, and clattered away homewards.

"H'm!" said the banker, as he watched his diminishing figure from the window. "Has it come to that? Gaffer Kingsley's mortgage is due to-morrow, and that amount would just cover the interest."

## CHAPTER IV.

## FATHER AND SON.

"Doth the rose spring fro' the bramble,  
Or the lily fro' the furze?  
Are maiden thoughts bred out o' briars,  
Or pimples o' burrs?  
Yet the hard heart breeds the gentle,"  
Quoth the Shepherd o' the Fen,  
"And the queerest ways o' Nature  
Are the ways o' foolish men."—*Old Ballad.*

Stealthily approaching the farmhouse by the back way, in the silent manner of feline animals, the Gaffer was arrested by the sight of a Treasure, at which his eyes sparkled questioningly. He bent over it, poked it with his staff, turned it over and over, and finally lifted it up for closer investigation.

It was an old mud-stained wideawake hat, thrown carelessly away at the side of a heap of manure. Bad and battered as it was, it was in quite as good condition, and had originally been of far better quality, than the one he himself wore. A less careful man would have passed it scornfully by, but Gaffer Kingsley, who never overlooked anything, however trifling, that might be of any value, not only lifted up the hat, but, after a careful examination, determined to appropriate it to his own use.

He had just come to this determination when he heard a low chuckle at his back, and, turning sharply, he encountered the penetrating eyes of Jasper the shepherd.

"Hullo, Shepherd, I didn't see ye!"

"No?" returned Jasper, dryly. "You don't see much, Measter Kingsley, 'cept your own money-bags. What ha' you got there? Looks like something o' mine!"

"Yourn!" said the Gaffer, "I found it here on the dung-heap, cast away. Waste not, want not, say I. If it's yourn I'll gi'e ye thruppence for it. Come, thruppence! A new hat costs three or four shilling, and this is good enough to mend."

"Keep it, then!—and keep your thruppence!—I don't want it."

The Gaffer, being cantankerous by disposition, could not, without contradiction, even take advantage of so handsome an offer. He retained the hat, but, moving towards the farm door, looked round and snarled: "He's a vule that gi'es summat for nowt. You'll die in the workhouse, Shepherd."

So saying, he made his way to the open door, and without any ceremony entered the kitchen. There he found his son, sitting alone by the fire.

"Hullo!" cried the Gaffer.

"Hullo!" returned George, glancing up, rather sulkily.

Son and father looked at each other, the one standing and leaning on his staff, the other not rising from his seat; the young man the very incarnation of youthful strength and comeliness, the old man the very spirit of moral ugliness and physical decay. It was difficult to realise that they were so closely related.

"Well?" said the Gaffer, showing his toothless gums.

"Well?" said George, defiantly.

"What brings ye hereaways? Ye needn't speak—I know. You're running after one o' them two sisters!"

George made no reply.

"Can't you speak? Can't ye look me in the face, you? What ha' you got to say?"

"Nothing," said George, rising; "only that from this day forward we two part. I'm going to London," and he walked towards the door.

"Go, and be d—d!" cried the Gaffer, but added, with a shriek like that of an angry raven, "Stop! or I'll fling my staff at your head!"

A threat which would certainly have been fulfilled had not George, looking pale and determined, turned and faced his father, demanding, "What more have you got to say to me?"

"Which o' them two beggars are ye running after?"

"That's my business!"

"No, it's mine. Haven't I warned ye? Haven't I told ye that unless ye wed money ye touch no money o' mine!"

"I don't want it!" exclaimed George, flushing angrily.

"No? Bah, ye're a vule, I tell ye! There's nowt in the world worth having but money—or money's worth. Be wise, you! Some day or other, when I'm dead—say fifty or sixty years hence—ye may own it all. Think o' that! But ye mun bring as well as take, if ye want my blessing. Land and money, money and land, to add up wi' the rest—and ye may throw in the wife, so long as she brings the dower!"

Breathed by this flight of oratory, the Gaffer fell into an armchair standing near the centre of the room. After a moment, he looked up and demanded—

"Where's the women?"

"Somewhere about the stables, looking at a young colt."

"Couple o' vules! Much they know o' beasts and varming. D'ye know what's brought me hereaways?"

"I can guess."

"Oh! ye're clever enough for that, are ye? Well, I ha' come for my money, and ye know what that means. If Catherine Thorpe can't pay, I force her, and out she'll go, unless—"

Here he hesitated, and, smiling at his own thought, looked around him approvingly. Everything he saw was warm, serene, and pleasant. An air of cleanly comfort pervaded everything, from the great black rafters to the seats by the fire, polished by the friction of many sitters.

Sick and disgusted, George was about to depart, when Catherine and Bridget entered the kitchen, the former crying, "Such a little beauty, isn't she, Bridget?" All at once they became aware of the Gaffer, seated ominously in the centre of the floor, his small eyes twinkling, his face twisted into a malicious smile. Their happy faces became clouded, and they looked at each other.

"Morning," said the Gaffer, sharply.

"Good-morning," answered Catherine, crossing to the fireplace, while Bridget retired nervously to her seat near the window. There was a pause, broken only by the wheezy breathing of the old man, who was hugely enjoying the consternation of the women at his appearance.

"Vine growing weather," he remarked, after a pause.

No one answered, but Catherine looked at George, who hung his head as if ashamed. There was another long pause, broken at last by Catherine, who felt the silence far too irksome for long endurance.

"I was going to send over to you," she said, "and to ask you—well, to ask you to give me a little grace. Times are bad, and I don't know where to look for money."

The Gaffer smiled.

"Ye don't know where to look for money? Well, it won't come by looking for—leastways, by opening your mouth and gaping at the skies."

"At any rate, you can afford to wait, and George says"—

"Jarge is a vule!" cried the old man. "Never heed him; listen to me! 'Tis a crying sin and shame to see a lone woman ruling where a man should rule. Women folk don't know nowt 'cept house and dairy work, and the best thing as can happen to you is to ha' done with varming. See?"

As she was silent, he continued—

"And when ye say I can afford to wait, ye talk like another vule. I'm a poor man, and what little I have's been hard earned by the sweat o' my brow. My son there's a lazybones, but I'm a hard-working man. So when I say I want the money I mean I've got to ha' it. See? And now I ha' made all straight and pleasant, maybe you'll gi'e me a glass o' ale!"

Catherine offered him the desired refreshment with her own hand. He rewarded her with a nod, and, sipping the liquor slowly, observed with characteristic good taste—

"Don't think much o' your home-brewing—it tastes o' the must."

Here Bridget, who had taken up her sewing and was looking on impatiently, arrested his attention by an angry movement.

"Eh, young missie, what ails ye? Happen ye think I know nowt and see nowt, but I can see as far into things as most men, and I knows the ways o' women, for I ha' buried three wives. They're uncommon nervous flighty things is women, and a sore trouble to sensible men."

Though the observation was a general one, there was something so coarse, aggressive, and contemptuous in the manner of the speaker that Bridget flushed crimson and was about to retort angrily, when Catherine interposed and said—

"Never mind the Gaffer, Bridget! The words tumble out of his mouth like wasps out of a nest, and sting anyone that's handy. He doesn't mean half he says, and t'other half's only bad temper and hard living. If he wasn't his son's father I'd ask him to step out of my house, for fear he'd sour the ale and turn the milk."

For this sally, George rewarded her with an approving nod, but the old man, gripping his staff and striking it savagely on the ground, answered with a scowl—

"Don't 'ee crass me, Catherine Thorpe, for them as won't bend I break. See? You're only a vulish woman, when all's said and done, but I'll talk sense to ye by-and-bye."

Catherine laughed and shrugged her shoulders. At that moment the figure of the old Shepherd darkened the doorway.

"Lawyer Hillford's round at the front door, Miss Catherine, askin' to see ye. He's rode over from the town on purpose."

Catherine turned pale, for the mere mention of the lawyer's name at that period of difficulty suggested troubles and complications. Bridget, too, looked anxious; while the Gaffer, foreseeing trouble, leant back in his chair and grinned maliciously.

"Whatever can he want with you?" said Bridget, going to Catherine.

"I'm sure I can't tell," was the reply. "I suppose it's about money."

"O' course," chuckled the Gaffer. "When the ravens come 'tis a bad look-out for the lambs. Best go and see him, Miss Catherine."

But hereupon the Shepherd, with a contemptuous look at the Gaffer, interposed quietly—

"Don't trouble, Miss Catherine. I think, maybe, it's good news."

"Good news?"

"'Tis whispered hereaways that old Adams has left ye summat in his will. You was kind to the old man, and when he was sick he often talked about 'ee."

"Heigho!" said Catherine. "More likely it's about the balance I owed Adams for last year's fodder. It never rains but it pours. Any amount of living creditors, and here's a dead one."

So saying, she left the kitchen, and ran to open the front door to the lawyer.

(To be continued.)

## ACROSS MONGOLIA: KIAKHTA TO OURGA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

There are two means of getting from Kiakhta, the Siberian frontier town, to the Mongolian capital, Ourga—either by camel caravan or in an ordinary Russian tarantass, drawn by horses. I chose the latter conveyance. The distance, a little over two hundred miles, takes four days, as the same horses have to do the entire journey, there being no fresh relays on the road. It was a lovely, springlike morning when, in a fairly comfortable vehicle with three strong horses, I crossed the frontier. My saddle-horse was fastened loosely alongside the tarantass, to be ready at a moment's notice in case of need. What actually marks the "frontier" it would be difficult to say. Beyond a narrow, dirty strip of what I believe is called "neutral ground," but which is evidently used principally as a sort of Russo-Chinese dust-bin, there is nothing to denote the borders of the two vast empires; and the road passes right across into Mongolia, and then one finds oneself in quite another world. For, there, on the other side of the neutral ground is the wonderfully quaint little Chinese town of Maimachin, which presents as great a contrast to the neighbouring Siberian town, Kiakhta, as could be imagined. From the outside, little can be seen of Maimachin, as it is surrounded by a high wooden palisade; but once entered through the picturesque archway this town reveals the far East, with all its brilliant colouring and strange costumes. There are probably no two nations in the world which present a greater dissimilarity in point of artistic taste than the Russian and the Chinese; so, going direct from one to the other, the contrast is positively startling. Maimachin is a poor specimen of a Chinese town, but is almost like a museum compared with the monotonous aspect of Siberian cities. This town, with about 2000 inhabitants, is of some importance as the final stage for the camel caravans, with tea, before they reach Siberia and the consignment is handed over to the Russian merchants. It therefore always presents a busy and animated appearance. A most striking peculiarity here is the entire absence of women; for, according to Chinese law, no female of that nation is permitted to dwell beyond the Great Wall. The Chinese who seek their fortunes in Mongolia readily console themselves with Mongolian ladies, in the absence of their own countrywomen.

After passing through Maimachin, the road—a broad, well-defined track—lay for many miles across level grassy plains, bounded in the extreme distance by a low range of hills, and was flat and uninteresting in the extreme. A few wretched "yurts," or huts, with some camels and cattle browsing here and there, were the only signs of life in the vast solitude. Before proceeding farther into Mongolia, a short description of the Mongols and their habitations may be of interest. A "yurt" is a sort of cone-shaped hut, covered with a kind of coarse felt made out of sheep's wool. Its walls are held up on the inside, to a height of about five feet, by a circular arrangement of wooden lattice-work; this also supports the roof, not unlike a huge umbrella, the ribs fitting

tightly into the lower part; the centre of this is something like a big wheel, from which the ribs radiate, being left open to allow the smoke from the fireplace to escape. This fireplace in the centre of the apartment is usually a rough sort of iron basket on feet. One portion of the interior is invariably furnished with a kind of altar, in which are placed various religious emblems; for the Mongol devotions form an important item in their daily routine. The residence of a noble or rich Mongol is usually composed of several "yurts" for the different members of the family, and is often gorgeously furnished, one or two I have visited having valuable carpets and curios in them which a foreign visitor might envy. In such dwellings of rich Mongols one "yurt" is specially set apart for the reception of visitors, but these abodes of wealth are very few and far between. The average "yurts" were indescribably filthy, serving as shelter for families of several persons of both sexes herded indiscriminately together, but in many cases for sheep or goats with their young. The ordinary Mongol presents an extremely dirty appearance, so that it is often difficult to tell whether nature gave him a black or a white skin. The curious fashion of the women fixing their hair in a sort of circle round their faces by means of massive silver ornaments has often a very incongruous effect, as I have seen old bags, dressed in a mass of rags which a professional London rag-picker would pass in disgust, with quite a little fortune on their heads, in many cases even among the poorer classes to the value of £30 or £40! All the family savings go first towards providing a wife with the orthodox jewellery, as a girl is not spoken of as a "woman" till her hair is dressed properly—never mind the rest of her wardrobe. Among the very poorest classes I have occasionally seen strips of wood used when silver could not be afforded, but this is very exceptional. Of course, in their dress, as in their dwellings, there are social class differences, and the rich or noble Mongols wear clothes of the finest silks of the most gorgeous hues, their wives and daughters being decorated with costly silver jewellery of exquisite workmanship. Among women of the higher classes are to be found actual beauties, and the curious method of arranging the hair is really very becoming when it encircles a pretty face with sparkling eyes and pearly teeth. I remember on one occasion seeing a princess riding through Ourga who was startlingly beautiful; the apparition simply took my breath away; it was like a vision from the "Arabian Nights."

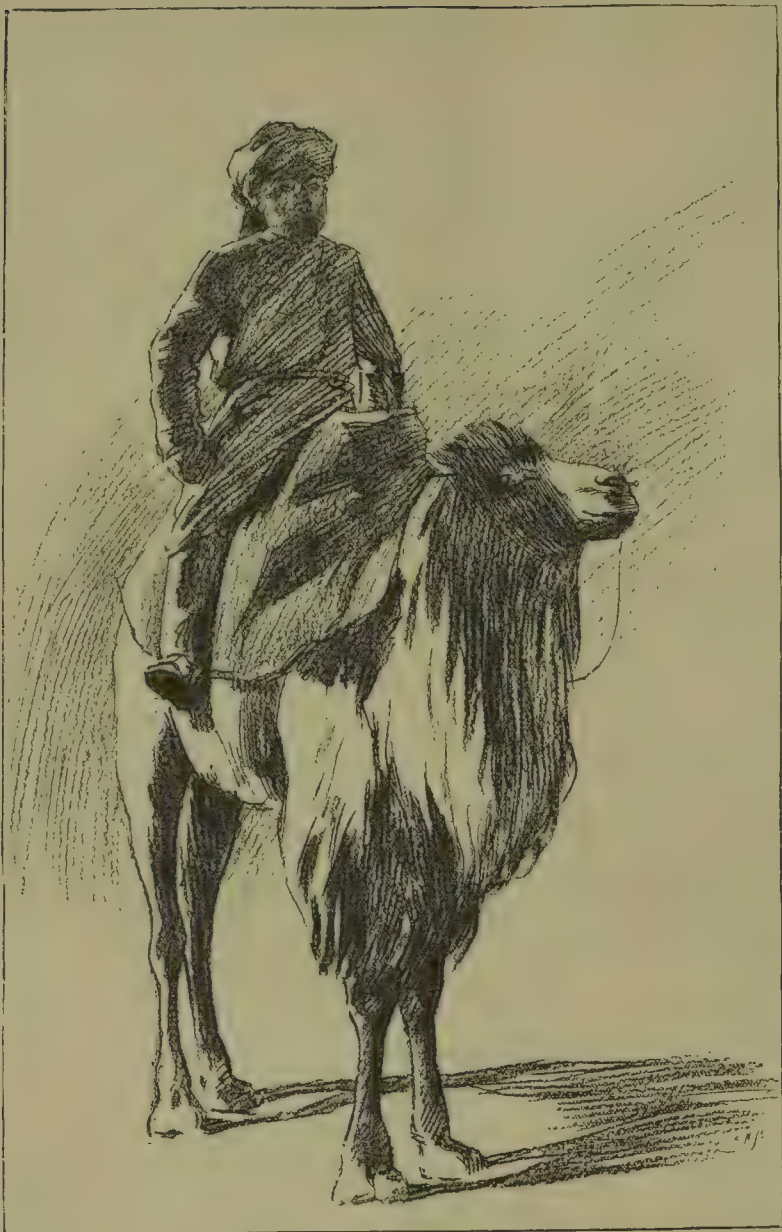
As we gradually neared the confines of this "steppe," trees appeared on either side, till we were in a sort of open forest when we reached the foot of the hills. Out on the plains, in the brilliant sunshine, there had not been the slightest trace on the ground of the recent heavy falls of snow; but among the trees and on the higher ground it still lay thickly, and gave a very cold and wintry appearance to the scene. The extreme mildness of the temperature was, however, rapidly doing its work, and under the genial rays of the sun the remaining vestiges of winter soon disappeared. The road, in consequence, was in an awful state, in many places the water and mud being so deep as to render it almost impassable. Our three game little horses, however, struggled bravely on, and, without any further incitement than the waving of the driver's puny whip, managed to get us along. With the exception of a couple of hours' rest in the middle of the day, we pushed on steadily till nightfall, when we reached the "station" where the halt for the night was to be made—a couple of "yurts" close together forming a sort of Mongol farm, where my driver from experience knew he was certain to be able to get hay and water for the horses. I do not think I was ever in a more gloomy or depressing spot. It was a sort of narrow valley between two high hills, with scarcely a trace of vegetation. Heavy clouds, gradually coming up, now quite obscured the sky, and the deadly stillness of the air betokened some approaching change in the weather during the night. All around were curious looking objects lying on the ground. In the twilight I could not at first distinguish what they were, but on a nearer inspection I discovered that these were dead oxen. I counted fourteen lying within a few yards of the huts. There was a very bad odour from these carcasses. On inquiring of my driver the reason of so wholesale a slaughter, he told me that they had not been killed, but had died from starvation, owing to the severe winter. The wretched inhabitants of the two "yurts," in the apathy caused by their misfortunes, had not the energy to remove the decomposing carcasses out of sight. I passed the night comfortably enough wrapped in my "dacha" in the tarantass; while the yemshik, accustomed to the peculiarities of Mongol life, sought a couch inside one of the "yurts." Towards morning it came on to blow and rain violently; but the storm abated, and when, about five o'clock, we made a start, it was beautifully clear, with every promise of a fine day.

We drove eight hours without any stoppage, as there was no sign of human habitation. About one o'clock in the afternoon, we drew up at the station of the longest stage we had yet travelled. Four hours we passed in this dreary place before continuing our journey. I was told that forty versts—twenty-eight miles—lay before us to the next station. The day had not fulfilled its early promise of fine weather; the sky was clouded and the wind rising. We crossed small brooks, swollen by the late rains to rushing torrents, and with difficult steep banks. These caused delays, and night came before we reached a river, which I would rather not have crossed till daybreak, if we had had any kind of shelter. The yemshik said that the next station was only ten versts beyond it, and so we forded the river, which was, indeed, but 4 ft. deep. It was not possible, in the dark, to find the track on the opposite bank; snow was falling, and the wind was piercing cold. We therefore could not go on. My driver was falling asleep, but I shook him and kept him awake till he, with my help, got the horses stalled on each side of the shafts, and gave them some corn. Then I made the man get into the carriage, roll himself up in his sheepskin, and drink a stiff glass of vodka. We tried to sleep, but that chilly night of April 8 was one of the wretchedest I ever endured. Dawn at length appeared, with bright clear sky, and brought a magnificent view, which I enjoyed in spite of being cramped with the cold.

The rest of the journey was rather uneventful; except the last few miles, where the road again went through a mountainous district, the track was level and we made rapid progress. We stopped for the usual midday and evening halts with friendly Mongols known to my driver, and then pushed on without unnecessary delay.

Nearing Ourga, we had to overcome the spur of mountains which separated us from the plain in which the capital is situated. It was for a few hours a steep and uneven track to climb; at last we reached the summit, where was a huge cairn composed of bones, stones, and all sorts of rags and odds and ends. These were votive "offerings" of pious Mongols to Buddha, on reaching the top of the mountain towards the end of their journey. It was now all down-hill work till we reached our destination, but the desert the whole way was simply awful. The shaking and bumping I got in that last hour make me sore to think of. The heavy springless tarantass had to go over rocks and gullies which would have smashed





FIRST SIGHT OF MONGOLIA.

any ordinary conveyance. At length a welcome turn in the road showed me that my sufferings were nearly ended. In the plain below I saw a huge conglomeration of dirty "yurts" and high wooden palisades; here and there a somewhat taller building. This was the capital of Mongolia, the sacred city of Ourga, of which I had heard so much, and which I had travelled so far to see.

(To be continued.)



A MID-DAY HALT.



AN INCIDENT ON THE WAY.

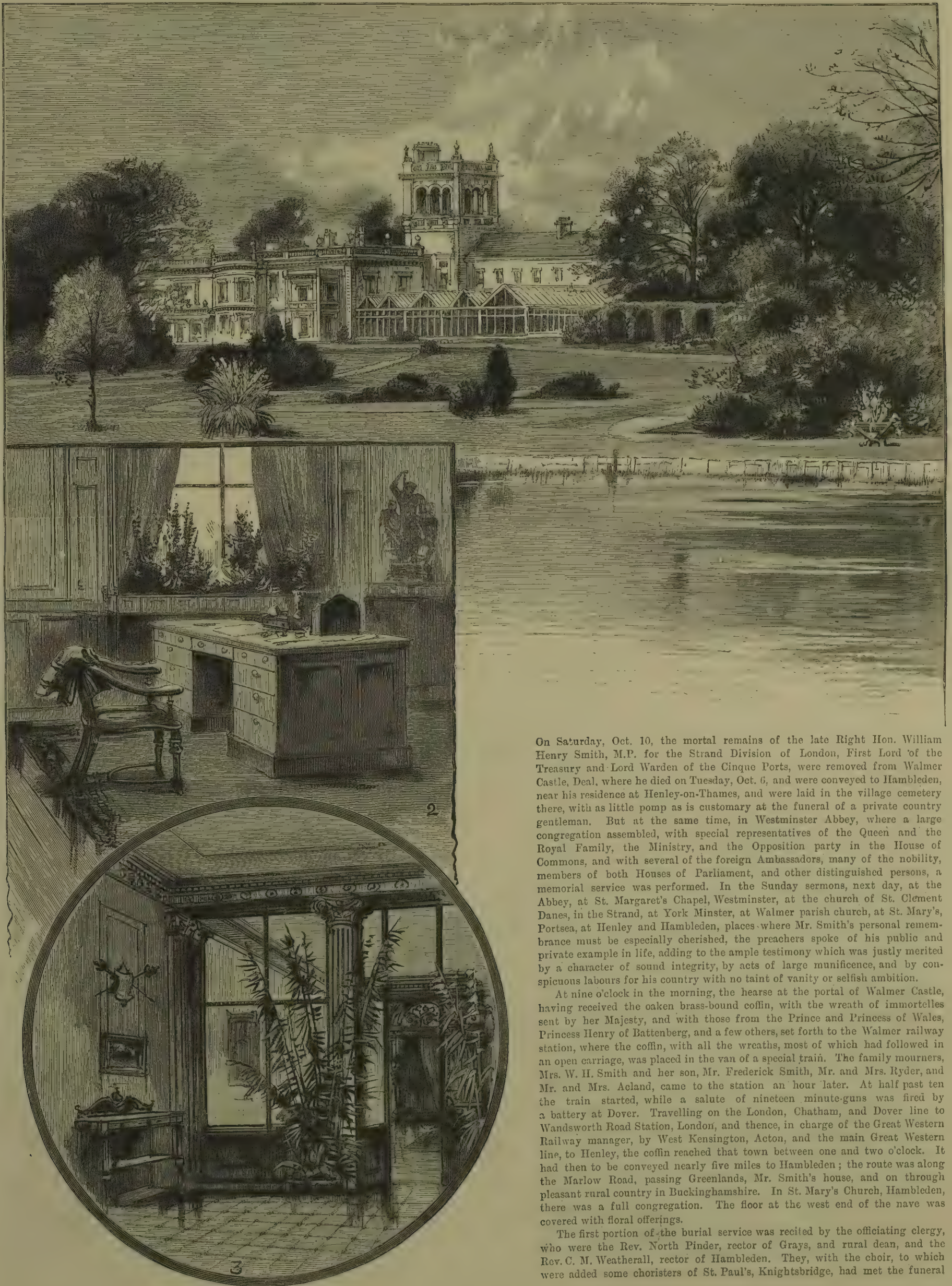


THE PRINCIPAL STREET, OURGA.

ACROSS MONGOLIA: KIAKHTA TO OURGA.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



## THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.



On Saturday, Oct. 10, the mortal remains of the late Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P. for the Strand Division of London, First Lord of the Treasury and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, were removed from Walmer Castle, Deal, where he died on Tuesday, Oct. 6, and were conveyed to Hambleden, near his residence at Henley-on-Thames, and were laid in the village cemetery there, with as little pomp as is customary at the funeral of a private country gentleman. But at the same time, in Westminster Abbey, where a large congregation assembled, with special representatives of the Queen and the Royal Family, the Ministry, and the Opposition party in the House of Commons, and with several of the foreign Ambassadors, many of the nobility, members of both Houses of Parliament, and other distinguished persons, a memorial service was performed. In the Sunday sermons, next day, at the Abbey, at St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, at the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, at York Minster, at Walmer parish church, at St. Mary's, Portsea, at Henley and Hambleden, places where Mr. Smith's personal remembrance must be especially cherished, the preachers spoke of his public and private example in life, adding to the ample testimony which was justly merited by a character of sound integrity, by acts of large munificence, and by conspicuous labours for his country with no taint of vanity or selfish ambition.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the hearse at the portal of Walmer Castle, having received the oaken brass-bound coffin, with the wreath of immortelles sent by her Majesty, and with those from the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and a few others, set forth to the Walmer railway station, where the coffin, with all the wreaths, most of which had followed in an open carriage, was placed in the van of a special train. The family mourners, Mrs. W. H. Smith and her son, Mr. Frederick Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, and Mr. and Mrs. Acland, came to the station an hour later. At half past ten the train started, while a salute of nineteen minute-guns was fired by a battery at Dover. Travelling on the London, Chatham, and Dover line to Wandsworth Road Station, London, and thence, in charge of the Great Western Railway manager, by West Kensington, Acton, and the main Great Western line, to Henley, the coffin reached that town between one and two o'clock. It had then to be conveyed nearly five miles to Hambleden; the route was along the Marlow Road, passing Greenlands, Mr. Smith's house, and on through pleasant rural country in Buckinghamshire. In St. Mary's Church, Hambleden, there was a full congregation. The floor at the west end of the nave was covered with floral offerings.

The first portion of the burial service was recited by the officiating clergy, who were the Rev. North Pinder, rector of Grays, and rural dean, and the Rev. C. M. Weatherall, rector of Hambleden. They, with the choir, to which were added some choristers of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, had met the funeral

1. The House. 2. A Corner in the Study.

3. Part of the Entrance Hall.

GREENLANDS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.



procession at the churchyard lych-gate. As it entered the church, the chief mourners were Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mr. F. Smith, Mrs. Codrington, Miss Smith, Sir Juland and Lady Danvers, Mr. James and Mrs. Danvers, Captain and Mrs. Acland, Mr. Alfred and Mrs. Acland, Mr. John and Mrs. Ryder, Mr. and the Misses Reece, Mr. Rowland Brinton, Mr. Wilfred Brinton, Mr. Hubert Brinton, the Misses Brinton, Mr. Awdry, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, the Rev. and Mrs. Phillips, Colonel Thornton, Mr. Beal and the Misses Beal, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Harney. At the conclusion of this part of the service, the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was sung by the choir and congregation. The choir then left the chancel and advanced to the nave, where they sang the "Nunc Dimittis"; after which they left the church, preceding the coffin and the mourners, on the way to the grave, while the muffled notes of the "Dead March" in "Saul" were heard issuing from the organ as the procession re-formed.

The Hambleden Cemetery, on the east side of the Wycombe Road, a quarter of a mile from the village, was given to the parish by Mr. Smith. It lies on the western slope of the hill, surrounded by charming scenery. The spot chosen for the grave is near the hedge which separates the cemetery from the highway, only a few yards from the wooden entrance gates. Close by, marked by a white marble cross, is the flower-covered grave of Mary Alice Dudley Ryder, an infant granddaughter of Mr. Smith. Rain was falling heavily, and a dark, cloudy sky enhanced the natural gloom of the mournful progress. As the procession drew near the last resting place of the deceased, the voices of clergy and choir, singing as they went, were carried back by fitful gusts of wind. The varying cadence of the hymn, heard but indistinctly, produced a solemn and dirgelike effect.

The grave was beautifully lined with moss and crimson dahlias and the brilliant leaves of the Virginia creeper. An awning had been erected by the graveside to protect the mourners from the rain. Here the last sad rites were soon performed. The coffin was lowered into the grave, earth and flowers were scattered over it by the chief mourners, and, with the singing of the hymn "The saints of God, their conflict past," the ceremony was brought to a conclusion, and the little wayside cemetery was soon deserted.

The service at Westminster Abbey was attended by the Earl of Radnor and Sir Henry Ponsonby, two of the Queen's



ST. MARY'S CHURCH; HAMBLEDEN, NEAR HENLEY.

Household; Lord Suffield, for the Prince of Wales; Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville, Colonel Becher, Sir Robert Collins, Colonel St. John Mildmay, Colonel Grant Gordon, Colonel Collins, and Sir Michael Biddulph, for the other Princes and Princesses; also by Lord Cranborne, on behalf of the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury; Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, representing Mr. Gladstone; and by representatives of the Home Secretary and other Ministers of State. The Russian, German, Italian, Belgian, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, Turkish, Greek, and American Legations were represented. Among others who attended were the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Speaker, Lord Hartington, the Earl of Selborne, Lord Knutsford, Earl Cadogan, the Marquis of Abergavenny, and many well-known members of Parliament. The officiating clergy were the Dean of Westminster, Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. Flood Jones, Precentor, and Canons Duckworth, Furse, Rowsell, and Cheadle. There was no anthem, but a fine hymn was sung by the choir, to music by Sir Herbert Oakley; another hymn later in the service, and the "Dead March" was played at the end, all the congregation standing.

Preaching in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, on Oct. 11,

who deliberately, for love of country and the promotion of its highest interests, lived a life of unremitting labour in the conduct of public affairs, unruffled in temper by persistent, and sometimes insolent opposition, refusing to desert the post to which the goodwill of all, whether friends or foes, called him, even when failing health warned him of the too probable result of perseverance in his arduous duties. He was firm in the defence of the policy which he loved, but he would not condescend to promote it by the weapons of contumely and scorn and contempt hurled against adversaries. And this generosity of temper proved not weakness but strength."

Our Illustrations, besides those of the funeral, include views of Mr. Smith's house at Greenlands, Henley; of the well-known house in the Strand, erected for the great business of his firm, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, newsvendors, in which he was actively employed from his boyhood; his steam-yacht Pandora, lying at Deal, on board of which he went for a short cruise to the Goodwin Sands on the Friday before his death; and a sketch of a scene in the House of Commons when Mr. Smith was leading from the Treasury Bench.



INDIAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.—CAMP OF EXERCISE, SECUNDERABAD: GRINDING GRAIN.



## LITERATURE.

## MOLTKE'S "FRANCO-GERMAN WAR."

It is to be feared that these volumes\*, the publication of which has been anticipated with so eager an interest, will be sadly disappointing to the general reader, and not less unsatisfactory to the military student. That Moltke could write with keen perception, vigour of description, and sparkle of style, his "Letters from Turkey" and his brilliant letters to his wife from Russia during the coronation ceremonies of the late Czar amply prove; the power and humour of the sketch of his personal experiences in the battle of Königgrätz, printed in the appendix to the present work, are remarkable. His "Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1828-29" is one of the most interesting and able pieces of military criticism that have ever been written. But in his narrative of the Franco-German War, now before us, there is neither vigour nor sparkle, neither breadth of view nor interesting description, neither freshness of matter nor, it must be said, invariable accuracy. The Grand Old Soldier's nephew did his venerable uncle an ill turn when he urged on a man of eighty-seven the preparation of the military history of a great and complicated struggle which had ended sixteen years earlier. Moltke would write no personal reminiscences, but, recognising that the official history is too full of detail for the general reader, and that an abridgment was necessary, he consented to undertake "a popular history" of the great war. Ah! if it had only been a popular history, in the sense that he might have made it so, of what inestimable value it would have been! But his dislike to record any details other than those purely military, and his own invincible modesty, stood in the way of a work that would have been immortal, and the "popular history" takes the shape of a dry, technical abridgment of the official history, compressed so resolutely as sometimes to squeeze out the sequence, and to preserve the record simply of fighting and marching. To show with what closeness he concentrates himself on the purely military details, to the all but entire exclusion of all other matters, an instance may be cited. He tells how at Sedan a Saxon brigade found itself out of ammunition because when leaving its knapsacks behind it had neglected to take from them the reserve cartridges; but he has nothing to say of the French Emperor at Sedan save that "General Reille was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor, whose presence in Sedan had until now been unknown." No word of Bismarck's ride into Sedan and interview with Napoleon in the prefecture; no word of Napoleon's strange exit from Sedan on the morning after the battle, and his interview with Bismarck at the weaver's cottage by the wayside; no word of the fallen man in the Château Bellevue waiting until the signature of the capitulation should permit of his memorable interview with Wilhelm, nor of his departure into captivity in Germany. Some account of the tough midnight wrestle in Donchery between the Prussian Chief of Staff and De Wimpfen negotiating as to the fate of the French army of Sedan, with curt sternness on the one side and angry remonstrance and voluble entreaty on the other; of the keen controversies between Stiele and Jarras in the Château of Frascati when the conditions of the surrender of Metz were being argued, would have been invaluable contributions to the inner history of the memorable struggle: this could not be held to be out of place in the "popular history" of a great war, were it even as an alternative to the monotonous narrative of this brigade's halt and that army corps' march. As it is, the conductor of the strategy of the momentous campaign, the man who knew more than could any other person of what the Americans call the "true inwardness" of the springs and motives of the military action, deliberately elected to write an all but wholly colourless narrative of the actual events, and the world is the loser to an incalculable extent.

The badness of the translation of ten renders the text unintelligible as well to the military as to the civilian reader. Both must be bewildered to find Prince Frederick Charles's army described as consisting of "the IIIrd, IVth, and Xth corps of Guards," and the army of the Meuse of "the IXth, and XIIth corps of the Guards." Such an expression as "the Colonel in command of the IIIrd Army Corps" is simply ridiculous. In a few instances the word "miles" has annexed to it "German" within brackets, the fair inference being, therefore, that where this does not occur the miles are to be taken as English miles; and one reads with astonishment that "although the distance between Reichshofen and the Saar is only six miles, that river was only reached in five days," until it dawns on the perception that all the miles throughout, whether with or without "German" annexed, are German miles. When errors exhibit themselves in a translation so unsatisfactory, it is difficult, without recourse to the original, to make sure whether they are to be attributed to the author or the translator. But there are certainly some errors for which the latter cannot be held responsible. It is stated that "the Germans evacuated Saarbrücken after a gallant defence and repeated sorties." Gallant defence cheery and dashing Von Pestel did make, but there were no "sorties" from the open town. The statement that the route of the First army to the French frontier "lay through neutral territory" is inexplicable. In his enumeration and allocation of the several German army corps at the outset of the campaign, the author entirely omits inclusion or mention of the 6th Corps. From the first, the French "Army of the Rhine" is designated as "Bazaine's Army," although it was not until Aug. 12 that the Emperor devolved on him the command. It cannot be said with truth that the French troops quitted Metz after the capitulation "in perfect silence and good marching order." The statistics of strengths and of losses occasionally demand careful revision. The German casualties in the combat of Weissenburg are stated to have been "91 officers and 1460 men killed," which, according to the usual proportion of wounded to killed, would imply a total loss of nearly 6000. The accepted figures are about 800 killed and wounded, among whom were seventy-six officers. The "Army of the Meuse," formed after Gravelotte, has assigned to it a strength of 138,000. As it consisted of only three army corps and two

cavalry divisions, it would not have numbered 100,000 if its component parts had been at their full nominal strength. But both the Guards and the Saxon Corps had lost heavily at Gravelotte, and Rheinbaben's cavalry had suffered immensely at Mars-la-Tour; so that the Army of the Meuse when formed did not number more than 80,000 soldiers.

These are comparative trivialities, but that expression can scarcely be used in regard to the following quotation—

"The French estimate their losses (at Gravelotte) at 13,000 men. In October 173,000 were still in Metz, which proved that more than 180,000 engaged in that battle. The seven German Corps facing them were exactly 178,818 strong. Thus the French had been driven out of a position of almost unrivalled natural advantages by a numerically inferior force."

For the first time it is now claimed, and that by Moltke, that the Germans were at Gravelotte in numerically inferior strength. The contention is untenable, and that it should have been advanced is to be regretted. Let it be assumed that Moltke's figures as to the seven corps, which he puts forward as the whole of the German army, are accurate. But the German army which participated in the battle of Gravelotte consisted of eight corps and four independent cavalry divisions. He has omitted the 2nd Corps, which, it is true, arrived late, but which went promptly into action and lost considerably. It had not been previously engaged, and was at its full strength—say, 30,000 men. The four cavalry divisions, after deducting the Mars-la-Tour losses, numbered about 10,000 men. This addition of 40,000 men swells Moltke's figures of 178,818 to over 218,000. On the principle that a long-stop is held to be on the cricket-field, the 1st Army Corps, watching the eastern face of Metz, might be included legitimately among the forces concerned in Gravelotte; but apart from it, 218,000 German troops, not 178,818 were actually "facing" Bazaine's army. Moltke's postulate that the existence in Metz of 173,000 officers and soldiers when the capitulation occurred in October proves that more than 180,000 Frenchmen fought at Gravelotte cannot be supported. It has never hitherto been put forward that more French troops than the five corps composing the "Army of the Rhine" were in position on that day. The highest estimate of the French strength in the field ever hitherto asserted is 150,000



BUSINESS HOUSE OF MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON, NEWSVENDORS, IN THE STRAND.

men, the equivalent of five corps of normal strength without any deduction for previous losses. If the liberal—the all but impossible—assumption be accepted that the French force at Gravelotte was of this strength, no difficulty occurs in accounting for the 173,000 soldiers found in Metz at the capitulation, by reckoning the sick and wounded of the period before Gravelotte, the unarmed rabble of men in uniform that swarmed in the city, the Mobile garrison of Metz—20,000 strong—the personnel of the train, the intendants, and the other non-combatant and administrative departments.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

## A FAMOUS GRAMMARIAN.

*Memorials of John Daniel Morell.* By R. M. Theobald. (W. Stewart and Co., 41, Farringdon Street.)—The late Dr. John Daniel Morell, whose death, in his seventy-fifth year, was announced in the first week of April, had sufficiently earned, as well by useful contributions to philosophical literature as by his long official services to the system of popular education, being the senior Government Inspector of Schools till 1875, some biographical memorial in a permanent form. This has been supplied by his kinsman, Mr. R. M. Theobald, of Blackheath, in a volume of not many pages, illustrated by three good portraits of Dr. Morell, and one of his wife, and by a view of his birthplace, at Little Baddow, Essex, the dwelling of his father, the Rev. Stephen Morell, who was the Congregational minister there over fifty years. The personal memoir, written by Mr. Theobald with much good taste, judgment, and candour, includes a few particulars of historical interest concerning the old French Protestant refugee family of Morell, driven, like the Martineau family, out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Dr. Morell's work as a school inspector, from almost the beginning of the system of State aid and supervision, is described in a separate chapter by Mr. A. Owen, one of the present official staff; while the venerable Dr. Samuel Davidson, the learned biblical critic and theologian, and Professor Meiklejohn, of St. Andrews University, furnish discriminative notices of their friend's valuable studies and essays in mental philosophy or psychology, which are by no means yet out of date. Their latest and most compact exhibition is found in two books published by him in 1884. "An Introduction to Mental Philosophy on the Inductive Method," and a "Manual of the History of Philosophy," which are examination text-books at the University of London.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The late Mr. W. H. Smith's association with the great enterprise of which he was the chief, though not the founder, lasted through his lifetime. He entered it when quite a boy, and learned all the mechanical details connected with the dispatch of papers, including the art of folding. The wealth of the concern was, however, largely made by him. The circulating library, with its headquarters in the Strand and its branches at every railway-station, brings the firm of Smith and Son into as important a relation to literature as the firm of Mudie. Of Mr. Smith's conduct as the head of the firm there is but one voice of praise. He was, personally, the kindest and most courteous of men, and he has crowned many acts of friendliness by assigning in his will the amount of a year's salary to every clerk who has been ten years in his employ. It is now rumoured that "W. H. Smith and Son" will be turned into a company.

Mr. Andrew Lang has just edited for Messrs. Longmans a "Blue Poetry Book," uniform with the "Blue Fairy Book," which has already been so well received. By deliberately keeping out not only contemporary poets, but writers not long dead, like Kingsley and Browning, Mr. Lang has of necessity made his collection consist entirely of poems which "everybody knows." Nevertheless, it forms a very handsome Christmas gift for the children.

The "Introduction" to the "Blue Poetry Book" is interesting because it is debatable. Mr. Lang claims that, without being exorbitantly patriotic, he is justified in giving a very large proportion of poems and ballads by writers from north of the Tweed. Campbell, Scott, Burns, and Hogg have, in his judgment, scarcely any equals in England.

Mr. Lang's volume is, however, to have a rival in the forthcoming "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. W. E. H. Henley. This will be remarkable as the first anthology in which, for years, poems by the Laureate have been permitted to appear. The two chosen are "The Revenge" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Here, too, at last, is Walt Whitman recognised, and happily represented by "The Two Veterans" and "Beat Drums, Beat!" The two selections from Browning are "Hervé Riel" and "Home Thoughts from Abroad." Commencing with Shakspeare and ending with Mr. Rudyard Kipling (whose contributions are "A Ballad of East and West" and "The Flag of England," which latter first appeared in the *National Observer*), the list of poets comprises, in chronological order, some of the most illustrious names from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, including Ben Jonson and George Herbert, and, of our own day, George Meredith, Robert L. Stevenson, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris; nor is Mr. Swinburne absent. Altogether, there are nearly three-score authors represented, to say nothing of the group of traditional ballads; but Mrs. Hemans is the one female poet among them all. The publishers are Messrs. Methuen and Co. and Mr. D. Nutt.

Mr. George Lock, the publisher, who, it may be added, was one of the most generous and kindly of men, died worth £129,000—a strange destiny when contrasted with that of his predecessor, Mr. Edward Moxon, who became a bankrupt. But Mr. Lock always attributed a considerable measure of Mr. Moxon's misfortunes to his association with a certain distinguished poet. In spite of the hard things which are often said about publishers, it is certain that great living writers often afford more of "glory" than of pecuniary reward. Mr. Lock and his firm (Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.) have made their money mainly by cheap and popular editions of standard works.

Fräulein von Dönniges, the lady whose beautiful eyes caused Lassalle, the Socialist, to get himself shot in a duel, is now the wife of a Russian gentleman named Shevitch. Madame Shevitch has for some months past been suffering from severe illness, and is at present in Berlin under the care of Dr. Olthausen.

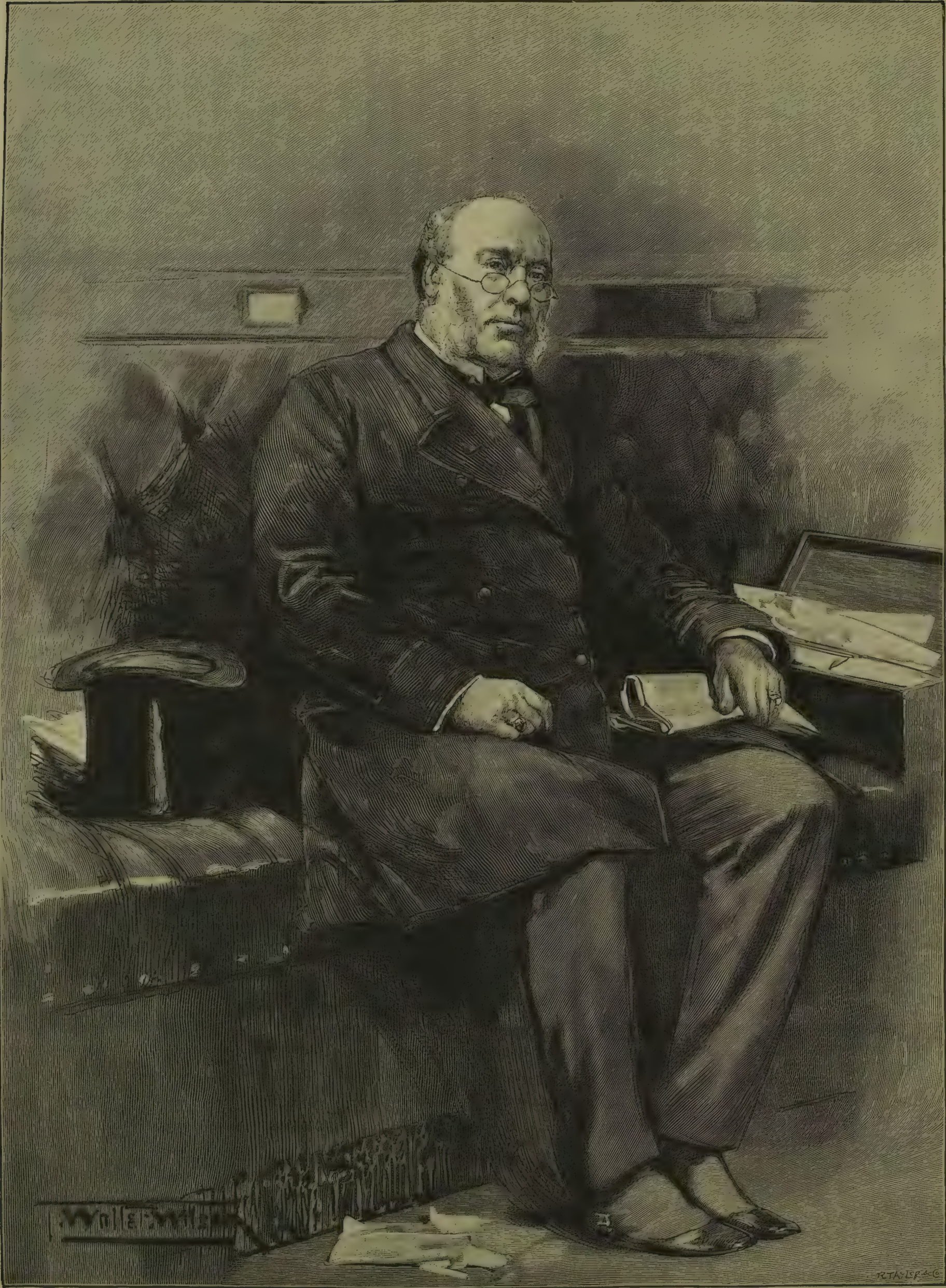
After the month of October, the *Anti-Jacobin*, edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, is to be enlarged, with a wider scope and range of contents, printed in a superior style on fine paper, and will enter the ranks of high-class sixpenny weekly papers.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- A Selection from the Sonnets of William Wordsworth. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons. (J. R. Osgood, Melville, and Co.)
- "The Economic Interpretation of History," by James E. Thorold Rogers. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer," by Hubert Hall. With illustrations by Ralph Nevill, and preface by the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock. (Elliot Stock.)
- "The Life of Robert Coates," by J. R. and H. H. Robinson. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Life and Letters of Edgar A. Poe," by J. H. Ingram. *Minerva Library.* (Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.)
- "A Vision of Life," by W. Gifford Palgrave. (Macmillan.)
- "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," by Lawrence Hutton. Illustrated. (J. R. Osgood, Melville, and Co.)
- "The Microscope and Its Lessons," by James Crowther. (George Caldwell, 55, Old Bailey.)
- "A Master Mariner: The Life of Captain R. W. Eastwick," edited by Herbert Compton. *Adventure Series.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Royal Youths," by Ascott R. Hope. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Names and their Meanings," by Leopold Wagner. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Cecilia de Noël," by Lanoe Falconer. (Macmillan.)
- "The Children of the Castle," by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by Walter Crane. New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "United States Pictures drawn by Pen and Pencil," by Richard Lovett, M.A. (Religious Tract Society.)
- "Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters," by Helena Faucit, Lady Martin. New and enlarged edition. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Mr. Chaine's Sons," by W. E. Norris. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Sons.)

\* *The Franco-German War of 170-71.* By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. Two vols. (Osgood, Melville, and Co.)





THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P., IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.





RE-ELECTION OF MR. PARNELL AS LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY, NOV. 23, 1890. IN COMMITTEE ROOM NO. 15, HOUSE OF COMMONS.



## INCRECULITY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Why are the Cultivated so incredulous?" the *Spectator* asks. Perhaps we might demur, and ask whether the people who rejoice in never believing anything which would be interesting if true are really cultivated. A gentleman who was lately taken to see the Roman Wall said that he did not believe in its antiquity. He thought it was "a put-up thing," put up, too, within the last few years. In the same way, the late Mr. Paley was ready to believe in a certain ancient Greek inscription—when he saw it. The inscription was as indubitably old as the Roman Wall, or rather it was many centuries older, but its existence was fatal to a theory of Mr. Paley's; so he did not believe in it, and in this case the motive of disbelief was conspicuous. In the other case—that of the sceptic who thought the Roman Wall "a put-up thing"—we may hesitate about the sceptic's culture. If we take the case of the Psychological Society's facts, incredulity is easily accounted for. I can believe in ghosts in general, but in any particular event I am sceptical even when I see the ghost myself. Very likely I made a mistake: the ghost may have been one of the maids, for example, just as the apparition mentioned by Burns may have been the Deil, but may also have been a wandering heifer. Yet I detest the person who simply snorts when a well-authenticated apparition is introduced to his notice. He always ascribes it either to rats or indigestion. The ancient Greeks had ghosts, but they were unacquainted with rats; while, if indigestion could make us see ghosts, Mr. Carlyle would never have seen anything else. Ghosts at large I can believe in, and do believe in; but when the Psychological Society trots out its ghosts I do not, somehow, care much for their points and style of going. They always "walked" so long before they were recorded; one likes one's ghosts hot and hot, so to speak, "without prejudice." Even so, with regard to hypnotism, it is easy to believe that there are odd phenomena, but all the individual cases appear to have in them something hard to swallow. The more you push your inquiries the less you like them. The hypnotised persons are not usually people whose evidence would have much weight with a jury. This is unlucky; it is unfortunate that the men and women most easily hypnotised are precisely those whom you would trust least in ordinary life. Now, if anyone could hypnotise a thoroughly trustworthy person, say Mr. Gladstone or Dr. Farrar, it would be different and more convincing. There is the case of Madame Blavatsky. She has persuaded Mrs. Besant, who is a lady not usually regarded as credulous. Yet, when one remembers that Madame Blavatsky once quoted certain elegiac lines as the work of Lucretius, a feeling of doubt will, somehow, force itself on the judicial faculties of the mind. This is illogical. There may be Mahatmas, though Madame Blavatsky was not really a profound Latin scholar. She may have created teacups and cigarettes, though she was no pundit in Roman literature. Yet one remains in a position of illogical, but final and unconverted, incredulity, as far as the teacups go. I am not defending this mental attitude, but, when one understands it, one can forgive it. People who have seen wraiths and ghosts generally saw them a good many years ago. Their imagination may have played tricks on their memories, or they may be rather weak-minded characters, or rather short-sighted, and apt to make mistakes. These considerations do not make the existence of ghosts incredible, but they make us feel shy about admitting any particular ghost as genuine, or at least shy about confessing that we do so. These are among the reasons which make the cultivated, and even the uncultivated, reluctant to accept the evidence of the Psychological Society. They do not like Bardolph's security, and, somehow, Bardolph's is usually the best security to be had.

In the case of travellers' tales it is different. I believe travellers' tales are usually true. Mr. Haliburton says that there is a tribe of dwarfs in the Atlas, and people will not believe him. All depends on whether Mr. Haliburton saw the dwarfs, not in a travelling show, of course, but at home, in their own country. Wherever we go, we find rude tribes declaring that their remotest neighbours are dwarfs, magicians, cannibals, and so forth. There are Ujits, a dwarf tribe in Borneo, about whom Mr. Frederick Boyle has written an interesting chapter. If Mr. Boyle, or any other traveller of repute, says he has seen Ujits, then, surely, we may rank the Ujits with Mr. Stanley's dwarf people as really included in the census of the globe. But if a traveller only reports the tradition of Ujits among some wild tribe, then our judgment remains in a balance. Most remote savages believe that there are men with tails "in the interior"; they are probably wrong, and so, as regards dwarfs, savage opinion is no safe guide. The dwarfs may exist, or may have existed and left a memory, or may be a mere savage myth: there is room for each alternative, but there is no reason for gnashing incredulous teeth. In a boy's book which one never sees now, called, I think, the "Romance of Natural History," it is stated that thousands of graves of a race about three feet high exist in America. I have not seen this work (a most interesting one) since I was a child, but I have never found any account of these pigmy graves in serious books about American antiquities. Do they really exist, these tiny sepulchres, or are they a mere myth? Rather would I believe in them than not, but one has, so far, no evidence worthy of the name. "That small infantry which warred with cranes," the Pygmean men of Homer, were they mere inventions, or the last reverberation of the rumour about the ancestors of Mr. Stanley's dwarfs? If there had never been any dwarfs, it is probable that men would have invented them, but if Mr. Stanley's dwarfs are genuine, why should there not be similar tribes elsewhere, say in Central Borneo? The scepticism which gets angry about the dwarfs is not very "cultivated," and rather resembles that of the gentleman who disbelieved in the Roman Wall.

Cultivated opinion, if it knew anything about the matter, would not be in a hurry to disbelieve in popular local traditions. In Homer's time, tradition said that a great king, with his company, had been foully slain and buried in Mycenæ. Culture was in a hurry to urge that Agamemnon was a solar myth, that his gold was the sunshine, and so forth. Then Dr. Schliemann dug up the gold, with all that was mortal of some royal company. Then Culture said a number of unkind things: Dr. Schliemann had "salted" the graves, and the treasures were made in Birmingham. Or they were the spoil of the defeated Persians, or they had been deposited by Gauls, or by Goths. Any theory was welcome except the theory that the relics were infinitely older than any others which had previously been found on Greek soil. Yet that is now generally admitted to be the correct theory; and, so far as that goes, tradition is justified. Again, the Maoris of New Zealand have a tradition that they invaded the country some four

hundred years ago. Tradition added that sacred objects were, at that time, buried under an old tree. Not long since a storm uprooted the tree, and there were the sacred objects! Tradition may easily live two hundred years even now. An ancestor of a noble family fell at a certain battle, two centuries ago, and his remains were taken back to his own country. A descendant of his, visiting the spot where he fell, made inquiries of an old man who knew a good deal about it. "His bowels," said this aged inhabitant, "were buried separately, under that tree"—to which he pointed. Far older must the tradition have been which alleged that a ghost in golden armour haunted a certain field in Wales. That gold armour has been unearthed, and is now in the British Museum.

Thus incredulity is mistaken when it declines to hear tradition. The evidence of tradition is generally deserving of attention. In the unbroken generations a tale is handed, with little alteration, from father to son. Why should it be altered? Nobody is going to be at that expense of invention. The scepticism of Sir George Cornewall Lewis's day is fading out. Inscriptions are not disbelieved "at sight," traditions are not condemned merely for being traditional. "It isn't always the plainest ones that have most money," said a rural sage, and it is not always the dullest tale that is true. In brief, not culture, but solemn stubborn stupidity and conceit are at the bottom of much of our incredulity. The world is a far more wonderful place than the incredulous suppose. There may even be a sea-serpent; it would be more wonderful if there were none. There may be, there *must* be dwarfs in the Atlas, as well as at the Aquarium.

## MANCHESTER STATUE OF MR. BRIGHT.

A statue, in white Sicilian marble, of the late Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., erected in Albert Square, Manchester, in front of the Townhall, was unveiled by the Earl of Derby, on Saturday, Oct. 10, in the presence of a large assembly. Lord Derby was accompanied by the Mayor of Manchester (Alderman Mark), Mr. H. Howorth, M.P., Mr. H. J. Roby, M.P.,



MARBLE STATUE OF THE LATE MR. JOHN BRIGHT  
AT MANCHESTER.

Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., Professor Ward, Principal of Owens College, and other gentlemen. The statue, of colossal size, 10 ft. 6 in. high, on a pedestal 12 ft. high, is a good likeness of Mr. Bright at the age of sixty, in the act of speaking. It stands midway between the canopied Prince Consort Memorial and the bronze statue of the late Bishop Fraser, which is situated towards the Princess Street side of the square. The sculptor is Mr. Bruce Joy. Rain was falling at the time of the ceremony; the meeting, therefore, adjourned to the interior of the Townhall. Lord Derby there made a speech, commending Mr. Bright for his integrity and earnestness, as "a thoroughly honest man," and doing justice to his consistency as a statesman, to the quality of his eloquence, and to the value of his opinions concerning several great questions, on which time seems likely to show that he was very much in the right.

## ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,  
By countless morns impearled;  
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,  
Her branches sweep the world;  
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,  
Clothe the remotest strand  
With forests from her scatterings made,  
New nations fostered in her shade,  
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown  
Neath every alien star,  
Forget not whence the breath was blown  
That wafted you afar!  
For ye are still her ancient seed  
On younger soil let fall—  
Children of Britain's island-breed,  
To whom the Mother in her need  
Perchance may one day call.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## MR. PARNELL'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Irish leader has been an impressive and decorous ceremonial, with less of pomp than O'Connell's obsequies, but quite as national in its character, and heightened with a degree of gloom in harmony with the stern, "dour" character of the dead man and the deep shadow in which his later days were spent. The procession started from Walsingham Terrace, Brighton, on Saturday, Oct. 10, the coffin of polished oak being borne on an open car drawn by four horses. A few wreaths were attached to the coffin, including one from his widow bearing the inscription, significant of the passionate attachment between her and Mr. Parnell, "To my true love, my husband." At the railway station the most notable of Mr. Parnell's adherents awaited the procession, and thence to the arrival at Dublin the body had a continuous escort of political and personal friends, Mrs. Parnell remaining at Brighton. Among the spectators at the Brighton station was the well-known Irishman whose professional name is Signor Foli. At Willesden there was a striking scene. The large gathering of political friends was joined by Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., a warm admirer of Mr. Parnell, who brought a beautiful orchid wreath. The doors of the carriage in which the coffin was carried were opened, and through them filed a silent and weeping train, many of whom stooped to kiss the oaken casket which enclosed their lost leader's remains. There was another solemn procession when the coffin, enclosed in a deal covering, was borne on the shoulders of the seamen to the boat at Holyhead, where another deputation from Dublin weepingly received it. At Kingstown Harbour the national part of the ceremonial began. Sunday morning dawned with chill grey skies and drenching rain, and it was dreary waiting for the "Ireland" with her sad burden. On the pier were waiting Parnellite members, municipal deputations, and members of Gaelic athletic societies, bearing their *camans* or clubs wreathed in black crape, tied with a green ribbon. On the arrival at Dublin the crowd, for the first and only time, broke bounds, and a fierce struggle took place for the fragments of the deal covering of the coffin, which was hacked to pieces with knives and scrambled for with wild eagerness for preservation as relics. Order was instantly restored when the coffin was disclosed. The Gaelic Societies formed a guard of honour, the Irish colours were thrown over the hearse, and the mighty multitude, watched by a still vaster crowd, swept on from the Westland Row Station to the old church of St. Michan, a dismal building of the twelfth century. Here the watchers within heard the melancholy tramp of the procession, and here the funeral service was read beginning with the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," pronounced at the porch. In a moment or two more the officiating clergyman repeated in the same clear tones: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "and just as he was uttering them," writes an eyewitness, "he was passing under the archway of the same organ on which Handel first played his 'Messiah,' in which those words of consolation are set to the noblest of music. The church of St. Michan had not witnessed so impressive, so pathetic, and so strangely sad a spectacle in all the generations that had vanished away since the great musician touched those same keys. There was another phrase in this beautiful service of the Church of England which, notwithstanding its familiarity, lingered in the mind—the phrase 'This, our brother.' 'Our brother'—'This, our brother.' The words seemed to repeat themselves into the wind." Thence the long train marched slowly to the City Hall, which was draped in black from ceiling to floor, the drapery being crossed with white bands, bearing Mr. Parnell's homely death-bed message to his countrymen, "Give my love to my colleagues and to the Irish people." The floor was covered with wreaths, the inscription on one running in a somewhat sinister vein. It was a tribute from Mr. Parnell's Belfast followers, and bore two mottoes, "Murdered" and "Avenge." Mrs. Parnell's three tributes were particularly affecting. The mottoes ran as follows: "My own true love, best, truest friend, my husband. From his broken-hearted wife." "My dear love, my husband. From his heart-broken wife." "My dear love, my husband, my king. From his heart-broken wife." There were two wreaths from Mrs. Parnell's daughters, with the words, "From little Clare and little Kitty to my dear mother's husband." The coffin rested, appropriately enough, by O'Connell's statue, guarded by Gaelic athletes, while the people passed by it in an apparently endless procession. The funeral cortège proper started from St. Stephen's Green for the City Hall, and it contained a notable historic figure in the person of Mr. James Stephens, once the head organiser of the "Irish Republic." The contingent from Cork bore placards which they distributed among the crowd containing the words, "Murdered to satisfy Englishmen." The historic side of the event was emphasised by a halt at the spot where Lord Edward Fitzgerald received his death-blow. College Green was one dense mass of men and women, and the most striking scene of all was, perhaps, the passage by the famous old Parliament House, whose glories Mr. Parnell had come so near to reviving. The crowd seemed to swell and swell as it neared the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery, where is O'Connell's tomb, but not his heart, which rests at Rome. A correspondent calculates that there were 200,000 persons in all in the procession and in the streets, but it was not swollen by a single Anti-Parnellite member or by a priest of the Catholic Church. The sun had set and the moon was up when the coffin reached the turf-lined grave. As it was lowered, tears and sobs burst from the strong men, attached followers of the dead leader, who stood round, and there was bitter weeping while the few parting words were said. There was no disturbance of any kind, nor any outward sign of the bitter feeling which Mr. Parnell's death has evoked.

"The chief distinction of Mr. Parnell's burying-place," writes the correspondent from whom we have quoted, "is the tomb of O'Connell. Over this tomb stands a lofty round tower, from the upper portions of which fine views of Dublin and the country surrounding it may be had. The entrance to the tomb is down a flight of steps ending at an iron gate,





SCENE OUTSIDE THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" OFFICE, DUBLIN, AT THE NEWS OF MR. PARNELL'S DEATH

through the bars of which are seen in its vault the 'Liberator's' sarcophagus. Over the head of the gateway is cut, in large deep letters in the granite, the simple word 'O'Connell.' Without any other name, and without date, the whole work, with its brief inscription, is finely simple and strong. Round the tomb runs what may be described as a circular cloister, which is divided into vaults—that is to say, between the vaults and the tomb—and round it there extends a circular passage, the granite floor of the passage being some ten or twelve feet below the upper level of the ground. The whole enclosure is known as 'The O'Connell Circle,' and the intention appears to be to reserve it for the interment of distinguished Irishmen."

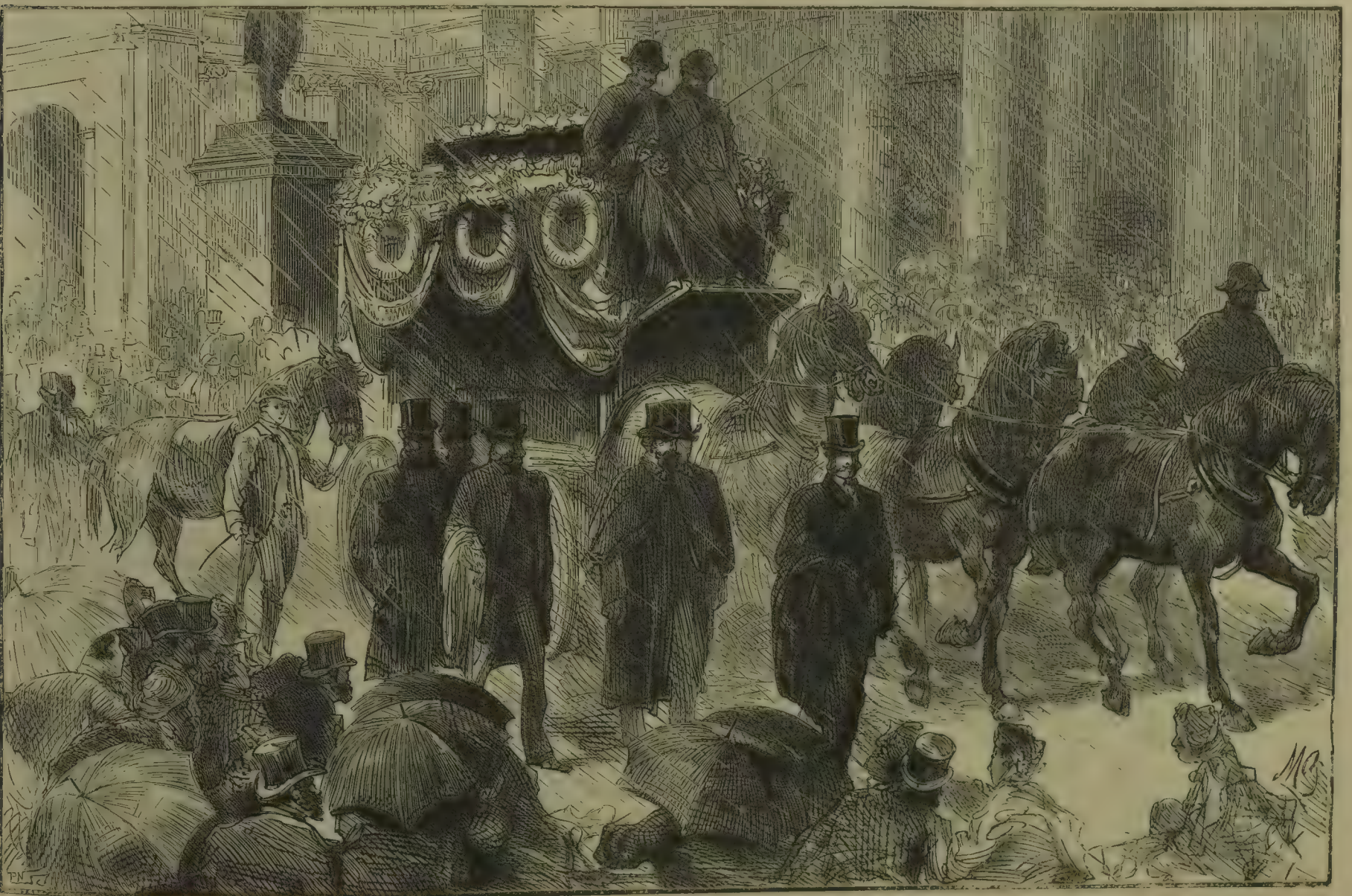
The situation in Ireland before and since the funeral does not promise a reunion of the two sections of the Nationalist Party. Mr. Parnell's death has been resented as the result of

his colleagues' defection, and the absence of the Nationalists from the procession on Sunday, Oct. 11, was due to an ominous article in *United Ireland*, hinting that Mr. Parnell's friends might be tempted to resent their conduct. Since then Mr. Parnell's following has practically expressed its determination to go on, and to make no terms whatever with the Anti-Parnellite members. The tone on both sides is one of exasperation, for the Nationalists have suffered from the wave of reaction in Mr. Parnell's favour which has swept through the country since his death. The new leader, however, has not been elected, though the name of

Mr. John Redmond, a respectable squireen of some oratorical power, has been mentioned. Mr. Parnell's seat at Cork will certainly be contested in the interest of his party, and Mr. James Stephens is named as a possible candidate. A sign of the popular feeling in Dublin, which has always been a stronghold of Parnellism, is that Mr. John Dillon has been saluted in the streets with cries of "Murderer!" The plant and machinery have been bought for starting a new Parnellite daily in connection with *United Ireland*, but the main trouble of the extremist section is the want of funds for carrying on a really vigorous propaganda. The chances are that the Paris fund, which amounts to £38,000, will, after an appeal to the French law courts, revert to Mr. McCarthy, as the sole surviving member of the trust, which at first consisted of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. McCarthy. The Irish Parliamentary Party who followed Mr. Parnell's leadership have issued a manifesto to the Irish people, in which they charge the Anti-Parnellite members with treason, and declare their intention of continuing the campaign which Mr. Parnell initiated. "The great leader is dead, but the cause lives on."



MR. PARNELL'S BODY TAKEN FROM THE HOUSE IN WALSHINGHAM TERRACE, BRIGHTON.



PROCESSION GOING PAST THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE (BANK OF IRELAND).

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.









GOING TO MARKET—ST. OMER.







This Product has been tested by the leading  
Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced  
"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING  
**METALS, MARBLE,  
PAINT, CUTLERY,  
CROCKERY, MACHINERY,  
GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE,  
WINDOWS, OIL-CLOTHS, BATHS,  
BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.**

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen  
Utensils.

For Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Vessels, Fire  
Irons, Marble, Statuary, Floors, Mantels, and  
1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and  
on Shipboard.

**REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.**

**Brooke's Soap**  
MONKEY  
BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,  
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;  
And we both declare, as half the world knows,  
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

**IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY  
TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.**

**WAR!**

O world!

O men! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—BYRON.

**WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?**

**OUTRAGED NATURE.** She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson  
he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving  
health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus pre-  
serving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would  
be without it.

**THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.**—In the political world, Home Rule means negotiable baliast. "In the sanitary  
world, it means, in the whole Metropolis, upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed; and in the whole of the  
United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventible. . . . England pays not less than  
£24,000,000 per annum—that is to say, about three times the amount of poor-rates—in consequence of those diseases  
which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid, 'and which may be prevented.'"—CHADWICK.

**PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!**

**WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND AND THE MISERY ENTAILED THAT  
THESE FIGURES REVEAL?** What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances,  
blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death?—to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes  
arising from the loss of the breadwinners of families.

**AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD! ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM"!  
IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.**

**A GENERAL OFFICER,** writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust  
it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—  
at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*! Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac! No: it is the  
outpouring of a grateful heart! I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (sixty-seven), now and  
then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—Richard is himself  
again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at  
the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,  
No waste of this elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup,  
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

**"EGYPT, CAIRO.**—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever: on  
the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the  
use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt  
gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing  
I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26,  
1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A  
SHAM!—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable  
imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive  
the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original  
channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.



Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. **SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.**

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

The second morning concert of the festival (Wednesday, Oct. 7) was occupied with a performance of Sebastian Bach's "Passion" according to St. Matthew, which was given with a degree of executive finish never before equalled in this country and certainly never surpassed in any other. The master work was given almost in its entirety, and the accompaniments (for which the strings were divided into two distinct sections to secure the requisite delicacy in all the lighter numbers) were played in a manner as closely approaching the spirit of Bach's intentions as the exigencies of the modern orchestra would permit. The two violin *obbligati* were executed by Dr. Joachim, while Dr. Rowland Winn, a local musician, accompanied the recitatives. The choral singing attained as nearly to perfection as any that I can call to mind, while the solos received ample justice at the hands of Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, Watkin Mills, and Brereton. Mr. Perkins again did excellent work at the organ, and Dr. Richter conducted with even more than his customary vigilance and tact.

Professor Villiers Stanford's new oratorio, "Eden," formed the evening attraction. It drew a large, not to say crowded, audience, thereby affording welcome evidence of the interest the Birmingham amateurs take in the important novelties of their festival scheme. To arrive at a definite and accurate opinion with regard to this work proved by no means an easy task. There is much to admire in Mr. Robert Bridge's unconventional poem, and at the same time something to condemn. The beauty of the verse, and a bold, forceful expression of ideas, raise it above the level of average librettos; but the scheme is laid out on a too extended ground, and the general effect is not only fragmentary but lacks the connected interest of a homogeneous whole. Professor Stanford has conscientiously followed out his librettist's plan, and in the endeavour to furnish each separate episode with its own peculiar musical colouring has achieved a veritable mosaic of contrasts and style. The angels have their severe sixteenth-century antiphonal writing, Satan and his demons their modern dramatic forms of expression, and Adam and Eve their free use of graceful melodies and sensuous orchestration. Consummate ability is displayed in the employment of these various methods, but, clever and beautiful as it is, the music does not altogether suffice to dispel a sense of incoherence—I had almost said incongruity—in the nature and treatment of the subject. It may be that this impression will become modified after subsequent hearings, but at present I incline to the belief that it can only be removed altogether by a condensation of portions of the work, notably the scenes in Heaven and towards the end of Adam's vision. The performance of "Eden" justly called forth unqualified praise. The wonderfully striking dialogue between Satan and his friends was superbly rendered by Mr. Henschel and the choir, and the talented baritone fully shared with Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Edward Lloyd the honours of the exquisite scene in Paradise. Mrs. Brereton, Madame Hope Glenn, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills were excellent in the solo parts allotted to the angels, while the rendering of the choruses and the masterly instrumentation was beyond reproach. The composer conducted, and both at the interval and the close of the concert was the recipient of enthusiastic applause.

The "Messiah" performance on the Thursday morning

constituted a triumph for the Birmingham choir and its capable trainer, Mr. W. C. Stockley, to whom, at Dr. Richter's suggestion, the bâton was entrusted for this occasion. To avoid controversy, the Mozart-Costa accompaniments were wisely employed, and, with the executants' heart and soul in their task, there was nothing to detract from the enjoyment of one of the most delightful, if most familiar, events of the week. Miss Macintyre, who was to have replaced Madame Albani, was indisposed, and the solo quartet in Handel's immortal oratorio consisted of Miss Anna Williams, Madame Hope Glenn, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Brereton. The miscellaneous concert in the evening, though admirable enough of its kind, does not call for comment now. Enough that it derived alike interest and distinction from the presence of Dr. Hubert Parry, who came forward to conduct his chorus, "Blest pair of sirens," and of Dr. Joseph Joachim, incomparable as ever in his own "Hungarian" concerto and Schumann's fantasia for violin.

"I have spied a blot," says the wily Satan in Stanford's "Eden"; and the expression might with truth be used concerning the mischances that befell the "Requiem" Mass of Antonin Dvorák on the last day of the festival. But the examples of Satan are not to be followed, and I do not intend, therefore, to dwell upon the one and only serious blemish that marred the even tenor of the Birmingham executive successes. Was it not atoned for a thousand times over by the glory of giving to the world a noble and beautiful work, worthy to rank side by side with the same master's admired "Stabat Mater"? Moreover, to be candid, no one was responsible for the *laches* of this performance but Dvorák himself, and he admitted as much afterwards. The lesson is obvious. The men who are born composers are not essentially born conductors, and it were wiser, as a rule, for them to refuse to direct their works on occasions of this sort, especially if their temperaments be, like Dvorák's, so excitable that they can be carried away by the force of their own creations. That the music of the new "Requiem" is capable of "carrying away" the least impressionable listener will hardly be denied by any who formed part of the audience at Birmingham. Apart from its remarkable originality, its daring abundance of dissonant harmonies, its irresistible vigour alternating with tenderest simplicity, there is in this music a wealth of emotional expression and solemn grandeur that fits it thoroughly for the illustration of the pathetic sentiment of language and purpose alike. Space will not permit of more detailed description here, or I should wish to tell of the beauties and contrasts that pervade each number and perhaps suggest one or two instances in which compression and—in the "Pie Jesu," for instance—reconstruction seem requisite. However, we shall hear the "Requiem" at the Albert Hall in March, and then, maybe, will come more convenient opportunity for returning to the consideration of this splendid work. For the reasons already given, I pass over the shortcomings of the initial interpretation, merely complimenting the soloists, Miss Williams, Miss Wilson, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Mills, for the excellence of their efforts under disadvantageous conditions. The reception awarded to the composer at the close amounted to an ovation. After the interval came a magnificent rendering of Beethoven's seventh Symphony and the Vorspiel to "Parsifal"; and in the evening the festival wound up with a truly superb performance of Berlioz's "Faust." Thus, at the end, as at the beginning, did Dr. Richter and his wonderful band and chorus cover themselves with laurels, while, to make things perfect, the record of attendances and receipts foreshadowed one of the largest surpluses that has been handed over to the General Hospital for several years. H. K.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It seems a shame that any garment so costly and so lasting as a sealskin mantle or coat should be subject to changes of fashion. But it would never suit the fur-merchants if we could continue, one winter after another, to use our furs till they were actually worn out. Accordingly, the fashion changes, and half the price of new garments is charged for altering those in existence to the modern shape. There is, however, one comfort: that the value of fine fur is so obvious and unmistakable that one can really afford to admit that it was bought a year or two ago! Sealskin is more than double the price this winter that it was three years ago, and in order that the purchasers of it in the days of comparative cheapness may not appear as though they had but just made their investment, the fashions in sealskins have completely altered since the beginning of last winter. The new mantles are three-quarter length, and the same length all the way round. Dolman sleeves have entirely disappeared; some mantles are mere circular capes, some are like the familiar "Russian" cloak, others fit the figure at the back and front, and have the piece which falls over the arm loose, only affixed with a full fold on to the fitting portions. Then, whatever the shape, they have all somewhat high shoulders, and either tall collars of the Medici order or very deep turn-down ones—no longer may the straight band around the throat be seen. The jackets are made with the sleeves very full at the top and raised on the shoulder, and with high collars. Such are the new shapes. To make a sealskin bought only a short time ago fashionable, therefore, it needs considerable alteration.

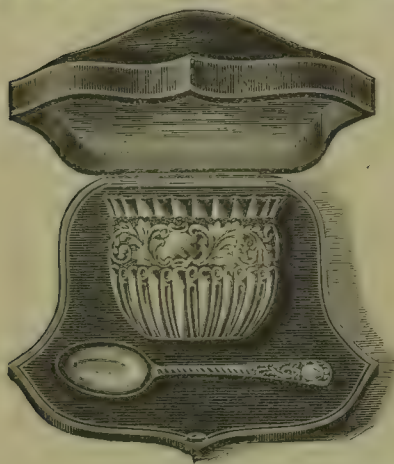
A conference on the education of girls has been held at Newcastle, at which Dr. Garnett, the Principal of the Durham College of Science, gave a lecture on technical education. He laid great stress on the need for training girls in accuracy and precision; and in this he was right enough. But the illustration that he used to show the need was very *manly*! "The authoress of a cookery book will speak of a 'pinch' of salt, a 'piece of butter as big as a walnut,' and so on, as if all walnuts had a cubic capacity of exactly (say) a cubic inch, or the oldest admiral of the last century would not have been able to take more than two grains of snuff in a single pinch." This is the ancient quarrel between "rule of thumb," or artistic instinct improved by practice, and scientific precision, brought into the domestic circle.

Surely it is because precision is not wanted that it is not given in such matters as "a pinch" or "a lump." How preposterously slow the cook would be who had a tiny pair of medicine-scales and weighed out a scruple of pepper and two drams of salt instead of "a dredge" and "a pinch"! So with the "lump of butter": generally speaking, it is comparatively a matter of indifference whether a quarter of an ounce more or less butter is put in a sauce. If the missus is free-handed in her housekeeping, cook will put in a big "lump"; if the missus is "near," it will be as small a bit as will answer the purpose. Cook, if she knows her business at all, knows well enough what is the least that will do. How does she know? "Rule of thumb"; and if she has not got sense enough to have that rule handy, no little scales will ever make her a cook. I once heard a male lecturer on cookery aver that a cook should try the oven for her pastry with a thermometer. Now, anybody who has applied average brains to cooking knows in a moment, absolutely *knows*, when she holds her hand in the oven, if it is right or not. In short, cooking is an art, and wants the gifts of an artist—a knowledge of a

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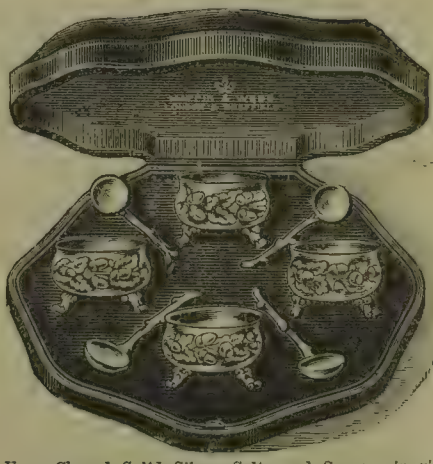
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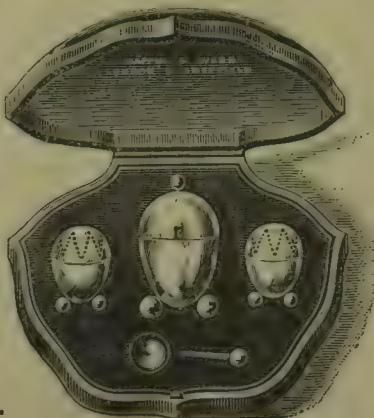
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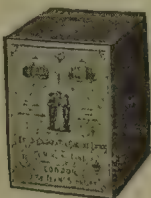
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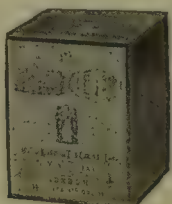
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few simple rules first, and then a good deal of experience, and, above all, "common-sense," or the ability to adapt the means of the moment to the end desired, by the exercise of intelligence.

That is what is wanting in our domestic servant class—an active brain, able to *think* clearly and rapidly. General studies, which will help to provide working girls with that brain-power—arithmetic, composition, and the like—will be of more use to them when they come into the kitchen than training in the use of scales for scruples of salt and drams of butter. Why are the French cooks so much better than our own, that you can get an excellent dinner in a provincial French inn of the same class that would here hardly be able to offer a decently-cooked chop? For the same reason, I conclude, that French women are better milliners than English ones: because they are more capable of adapting the available means to the desired ends, and are not too fussy about what the means are—they will make them produce the right result. That is to say, they are more artistic, not more scientific.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the famous American woman publisher, has married in New York a London journalist, Mr. Willie Wilde, brother of the more widely known Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mrs. Leslie has made a large fortune for herself as a newspaper proprietor and publisher. Her late husband, Mr. Leslie, started a well-known New York illustrated paper; but, after succeeding with it for some years, he ultimately died heavily in debt. His brave little wife, up to that moment a sparkling society woman and nothing more, then went to the office and took his place. She managed the paper with such enterprise and vigour that she turned its tide of ill-fortune. One instance of how she did it will suffice. When President Garfield died, it was within twenty-four hours of the publication of her paper, and the printing was actually proceeding. In the middle of the night, however, all hands were called to work to alter the paper. Artists, engravers, writers, and printers, encouraged by Mrs. Leslie's own presence, worked with such a will that a "Garfield Number" was turned out as if by magic, preceding the other illustrated papers by several days; and it had an enormous sale. Day after day, for some years, Mrs. Leslie sat all through the usual business hours in her office, and every thread of its affairs ended under her hand. The result was that she paid off the debts that her husband left, and then made a fortune; and after some years had not only turned bankruptcy into prosperity, but had made the paper so valuable as to be able to sell it for a large sum. She still publishes several magazines.

Lord Tennyson was visited at Aldworth House, Haslemere, on Sunday, Oct. 11, by Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan, the American manager and actress, who arrived from London in the morning, and stayed until the evening, discussing the poet's new play, to be produced shortly in America.

A Scotch express from Edinburgh to Euston collided violently on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 10, with two engines standing upon the line at Crewe, and several passengers were hurt. A West of England express came into collision with two goods-trains at Acton the same evening, and two persons were injured.

## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES ANDERSON, BART.

Sir Charles Henry John Anderson, Bart., of Broughton, in the county of Lincoln, M.A., whose death is announced, in his eighty-seventh year, was the ninth inheritor of the title, which was conferred in 1660 on Edmund Anderson, of Broughton, and has now become extinct. Sir Charles was born Nov. 25, 1804, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1826. He was a J.P. and D.L., and served as High Sheriff of Lincolnshire in 1851. He married, Sept. 11, 1832, Emma, youngest daughter of Mr. John Savile Foljambe, of Osberton, Notts, and by her (who died in 1870) had three sons and as many daughters. The eldest and third son died young and unmarried; the second, Francis Foljambe, survived until Sept. 15, 1881, when he left two daughters, but no male issue.

SIR JAMES LONGDEN.

Sir James Longden, G.C.M.G., of Longhope, Watford, Alderman (under the Local Government Act) and J.P. for the county of Hertford, died on Oct. 4 at his residence, Longhope, Watford, aged sixty-four. He was youngest son of the late Mr. John Robert Longden, of Doctors' Commons, and early became connected with the Colonial service. He was Colonial Secretary of the Falkland Islands, 1845 to 1861; President of the Virgin Islands, 1861 to 1865; Lieutenant-Governor of Dominica, 1865 to 1867; Lieutenant-Governor of British Guiana, 1874 to 1876; and Governor of Ceylon, 1876 to 1883. In the last-named year he retired, and was given the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. Sir James married, in 1864, Alice Emily, daughter of Mr. James Berridge.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., M.P. for North Kilkenny, died on Oct. 7 at Rostellan Castle, in the county of Cork, aged fifty-nine. He was the third son of Mr. John Hennessy, of Cork, by Eliza, his wife, daughter of Mr. Henry C. Forestal. He was educated at the Queen's College in his native city, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1861. Devoting himself to politics, he was elected for the King's County as a Catholic Conservative in 1859, and continued to sit for it until 1865. In 1867 he was appointed Governor of Labuan, of the West African Settlements in 1872, of the Bahamas in 1873, of the Windward Islands in 1875, of Hong Kong in 1877, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius in 1882. He married, in 1868, Katherine, only daughter of Sir H. Low, and leaves issue. Sir John was a Knight of Malta, F.G.S. and F.R.A.S.

MR. ARCHER HOUBLON.

Mr. John Archer Houblon, of Great Hallingbury, Essex, and Culverthorpe, Lincolnshire, J.P. and D.L., died on Oct. 6, aged eighty-eight. He was born Sept. 29, 1803, the eldest son of Mr. John Archer Houblon, M.P., of Hallingbury, by Mary Ann, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Bramston, of Skreens; and was the descendant and representative of Mr. James Houblon, an eminent merchant of London, whose two younger sons were Sir James Houblon, M.P. for the Metropolis in 1698, and Sir John Houblon, first Governor of

the Bank of England and Lord Mayor in 1693. The gentleman whose death we record married, first, in 1829, Ann, daughter of Admiral Sir James Whitley Deans Dundas, G.C.B., and secondly, in 1848, Georgina Anne, daughter of General Sir John Oswald, G.C.B., but leaves no issue.

ADMIRAL THE HON. GEORGE GREY.

Admiral the Hon. George Grey died on Oct. 3, at Eaglescarnie. He was born May 16, 1809, the fourth son of the Prime Minister, Charles, Earl Grey, K.G., and was brother of the present earl. He entered the Royal Navy in 1822, and was a midshipman in the Talbot at the battle of Navarino. He attained the rank of admiral in 1867. He married, in 1845, Jane Frances, daughter of General the Hon. Sir Patrick Stuart, G.C.M.G., and leaves a large family.

The Queen has forwarded, through General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, G.C.B., her annual subscription of fifty pounds to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

The Marchioness of Westminster, who is in her ninety-fourth year, is lying seriously ill at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Merthyr Guest, of Inwood, near Blandford, Dorset. Her ladyship's condition is such that her medical attendant does not leave her. The Queen has sent, making kindly inquiries.

A recent visit to Wembley Park reveals the great progress that has been made in the work of getting out foundations of the new "tower for London" projected by Sir Edward Watkin. The tower (says the London letter writer of the *Liverpool Courier*) is to stand upon four legs, each of which will be subdivided into four feet, so that the weight will be distributed over sixteen points in all. For the reception of each of these sixteen feet a solid bed of concrete is being sunk into the clay, and when the concrete blocks are firmly set and fixed all will be ready for the driving of the first spike of the gigantic steel superstructure.

It is not only in East Africa that the colonial ventures of the Germans prove unsuccessful. It would seem that they are not more fortunate in New Guinea. It was reported a few days ago in Berlin that the New Guinea Company had sent a circular to their shareholders stating that their plantation could not be carried on any longer, and advising them to exchange their shares for those of a new company now being formed. The new association—which is to be called the Astrolabe Bay Company—will engage chiefly in the cultivation of tobacco.

Prince von Hohenlohe, the Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, has been on a visit to Strasburg, where he was received by a deputation of high officials and members of the Provincial Parliament, headed by Dr. Petri. In the name of the deputation, Dr. Petri expressed the gratification felt by the whole province at the abolition of the passport regulations, and said that the people would know how to justify the confidence thus placed in them, and would do their best to support the efforts of the Statthalter to promote their interests. Prince von Hohenlohe, in reply, thanked Dr. Petri, stated that the abolition of the passport system was due to the Emperor, and added that it was to be considered as a proof of his Majesty's confidence in the population of Alsace-Lorraine.

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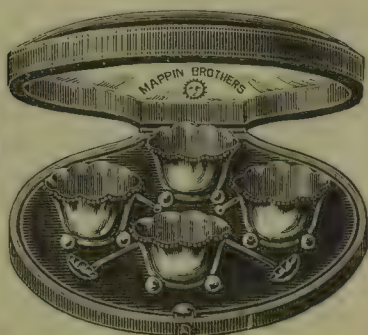
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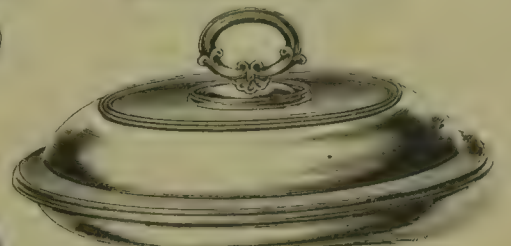


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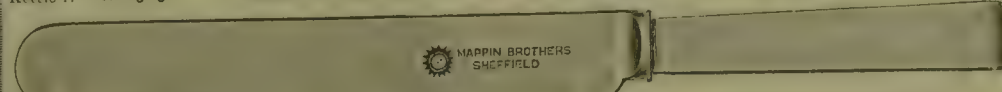


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1883), with three codicils (dated Jan. 30, 1888; Dec. 4, 1890; and June 26, 1891), of Mr. George Lock, of the firm of Ward, Lock, and Co., publishers, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, late of 7, Warltersville Road, Hornsey Rise, who died on Aug. 8, has just been proved by Mrs. Susan Lock, the widow, George Ernest Lock, and Robert Douglas Lock, the sons, and James Bowden, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £129,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, free from legacy duty, towards a fund for the formation or maintenance of a sick, provident, or insurance club, or some similar institution, for the benefit of the employes of Ward, Lock, and Co.; £500 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and all his plate, books, pictures, furniture, and household effects to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for all his children, in equal shares. Full power is given to his trustees to carry on the business of publishers in conjunction with the surviving partners.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1891), with two codicils (dated May 8 and July 30 following), of Mr. William Theed, sculptor, late of 12A, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, and of Campden Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Sept. 30 by Robert Macfarlane Cocks and Charles Underwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives his consumable stores and the money in the house to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Theed; his household furniture and effects to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Edward Francis Toone Theed; his leasehold residence to his wife, for life or widowhood; the lease of his studio, 12A, Henrietta Street, with books on art, works of art (except finished works in marble), plaster casts, drawings, material, &c., to his said son; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay or apply at the discretion of his trustees, £700 per annum for the benefit of his wife, and the remainder of the income to his three sons, William Swinburne, Arthur Gibson, and Edward Francis Toone; and, at his wife's death, the ultimate residue to or upon trust for his said three sons.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1883) of Miss Mary Campbell, late of 8, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton, who died on July

30, was proved on Oct. 5 by John Arthur Kenneth Campbell, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Campbell, for life, and then for her children, as she shall appoint; £3500, upon trust, for her sister, Lady Montgomery, for life, and then for her sister, as she shall appoint; and numerous and considerable legacies to nephews and nieces. The residue of her property she gives to her said nephew, John Arthur Kenneth Campbell.

The will (dated April 6, 1891) of Mr. Edmund Sydney Williams, publisher and foreign bookseller, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and of Blackbrook, Bickley, Kent, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Sept. 24 by Mrs. Nora Selina Williams, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to each of his daughters, Gertrude Julia and Fanny Field. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his issue as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment for his children equally. Power is given to his trustees to carry on his business.

The will (dated March 3, 1890) of Mrs. Mary Ann Blade, late of 11, Church Terrace, Castlenau, Barnes, who died on Aug. 18 at 152, Harley Street, was proved on Sept. 26 by Thomas Robert Blade, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to her executor, and leaves the residue of her real and personal estate, in trust, in equal shares for all her children.

The will (dated June 8, 1883) of Mr. Charles Edward Sheppard, M.D., formerly of Rotherwood, Oak Hill, Putney, and late of 13, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, who died on June 30, was proved on Sept. 19 by William John Sheppard, M.D., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator devises and gives all his property whatsoever, whether real or personal, to his said brother.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1882) of Mr. Philip Dykins, late of Pendre, Holywell, Flintshire, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Sept. 24 by John Carman and William Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator gives an annuity of £26 to his brother William, and £25 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and

personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, during life or widowhood, and then for his children.

The will and codicil of Mr. Henry Heylyn, late of Cumberland Lodge, Streatham Hill, who died on Sept. 9, were proved on Sept. 30 by Mr. William Elhanan Gascoyne, William Benjamin Paterson, and John William Sherwell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000.

A new organ, which has cost about £4000, was formally opened in Exeter Cathedral on Oct. 8.

The Marquis of Salisbury has left Nice and returned to Hatfield.

Rome was incorporated with Italy twenty-one years ago, on Oct. 9.

Napoleon the Third's yacht, the Aigle, which, after 1870, became known as the Rapide, has been sold at Cherbourg for 103,210*fr.*

The Speaker of the House of Commons and Miss Peel arrived at Port Eliot, the Cornish seat of the Earl of St. Germans, on Oct. 7.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint General Sir Michael Anthony Shrapnel Biddulph, K.C.B., to be Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower of London, in the room of Captain Arthur John Loftus, deceased.

More suicides occur in the Austrian army every year than in any other army in the world. The ratio is 131 per 100,000 men. Germany has 67 per 100,000, France 47, England 23, and Russia 20.

The trustees of Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon have appointed Miss Alice Maud Harker and Miss Annie Beaumont, of Leamington, to be joint custodians of Shakspeare's birthplace, in the room of Mr. and Mrs. Skipsey, resigned. There were numerous applications from all parts of Europe for the post.

An interesting antiquarian discovery has just been made in Egypt, where three colossal statues of rose granite have been found at Aboukir. The first two represent in one group Rameses II. and Queen Hentmara seated on the same throne. The other statue is that of Rameses. They are said to be in an excellent state of preservation.

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## USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C. Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

## ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*: I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

## FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

## LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

**STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.** From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

## RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

## SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

## CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes—

"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

## ACCIDENT.

From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

## CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

## RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



W. Sionfield Sturgess

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## FOR ACHES AND PAINS. ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

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The Music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
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The most popular Bass Song of the day.  
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Words by Hubi Newcombe.  
**MY HEART'S DELIGHT.**  
Sung with great success by Messrs. Lawrence Kellie, J. Robertson, and Reginald Groome.

## MY HEART'S DELIGHT.

Sung with great success by Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Hirwen Jones, and Henry Piercy.

## TWO.

Words by Clement Scott.

## TWO.

Sung with great success by Miss Rosa Leo and Miss Kate Plinn.

## TWO.

Sung with great success by Mr. C. Ravenhill, Signor Inhanes, and Mr. Claude Trevor.

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## SIGH FOR SIGH.

Words by Espérance.

## SIGH FOR SIGH.

Sung by the Composer with great success.

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Sung with immense success by Messrs. W. H. Brereton, John Bartlett, and Reginald Groome.

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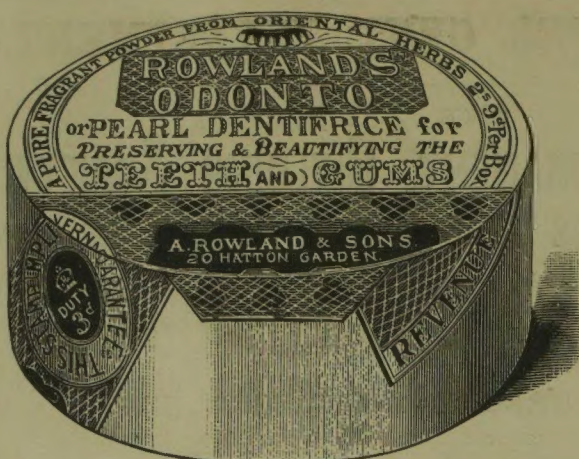
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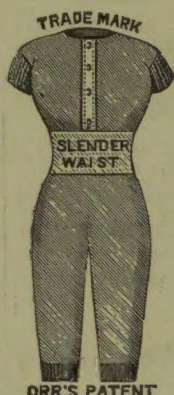
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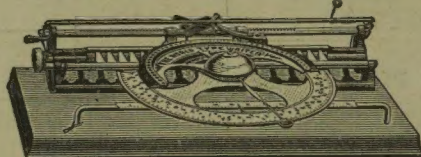
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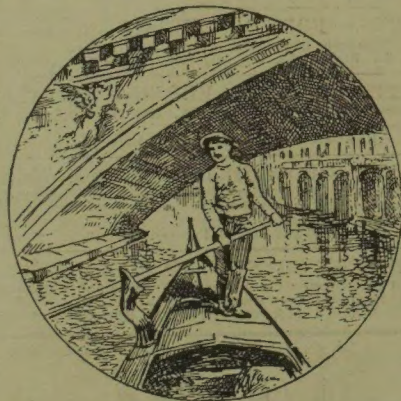
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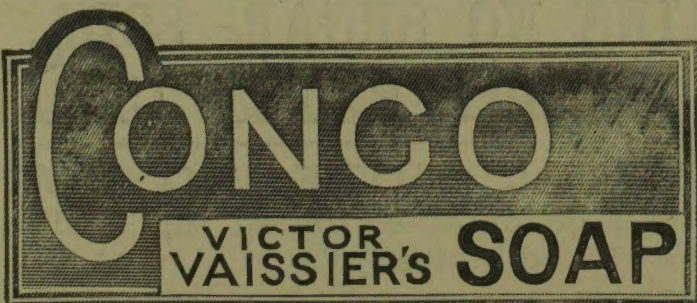
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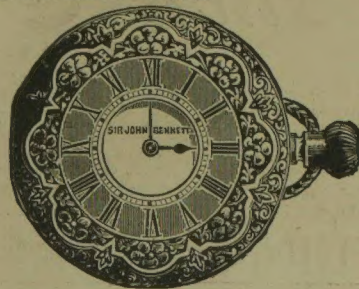
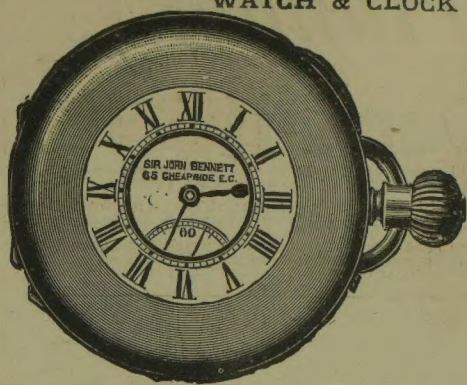
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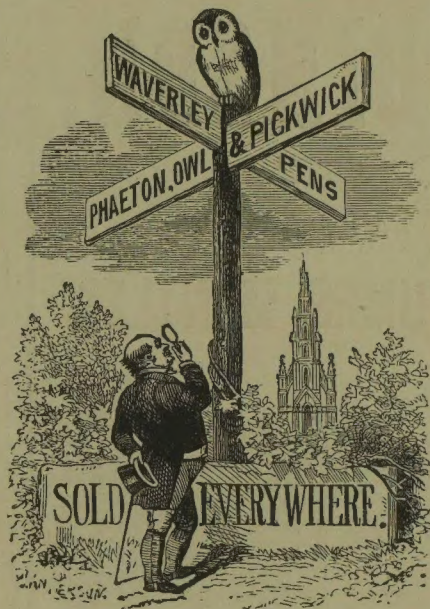
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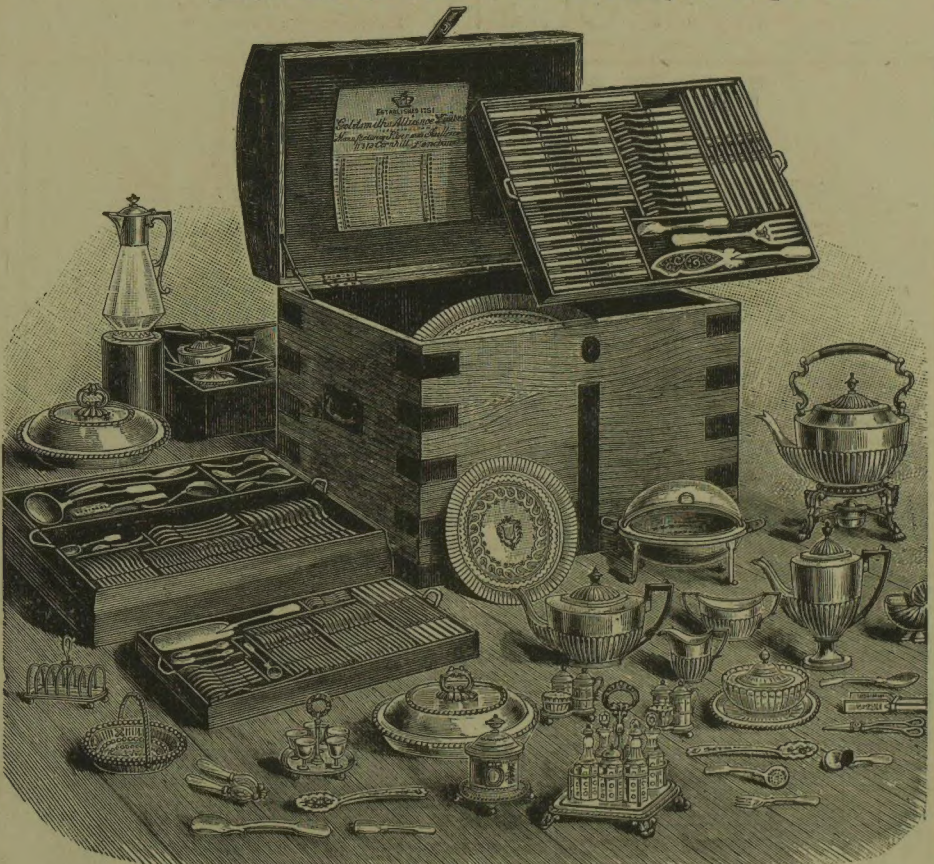
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On Oct. 9, 1891, at his residence, 15, Grosvenor Place, Richard Hemming, Esq., J.P., of Bentley Manor, Worcestershire, aged 81.

On Oct. 4, 1891, at St. Duthus, Weston-super-Mare, Christina, widow of the late Hugh Matheson, formerly of Liverpool, aged 76.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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After washing the leather, the Cream should be applied evenly and thinly with a piece of flannel or rag; then polish off with a soft cloth.  
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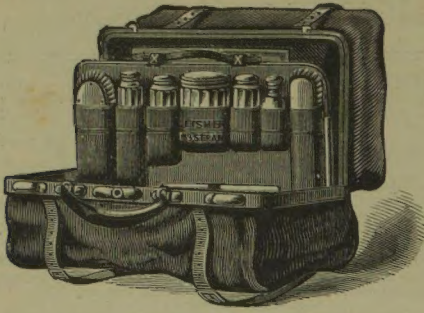
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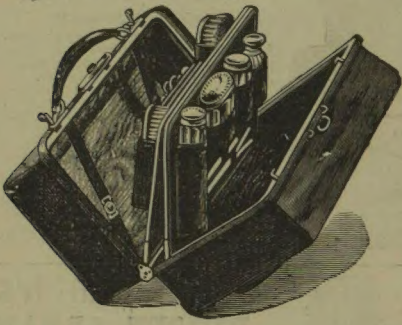
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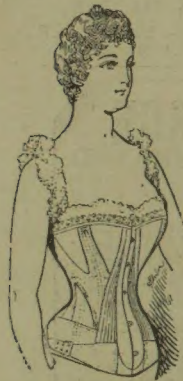


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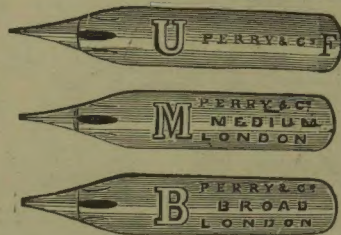
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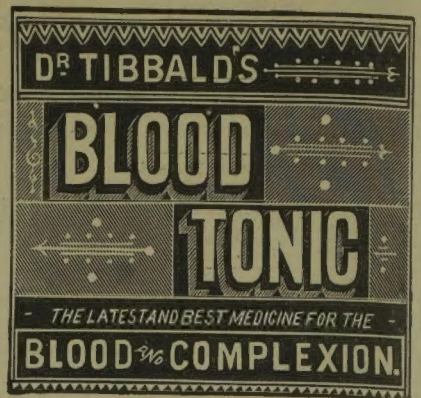
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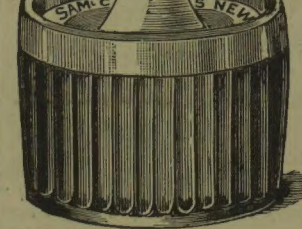
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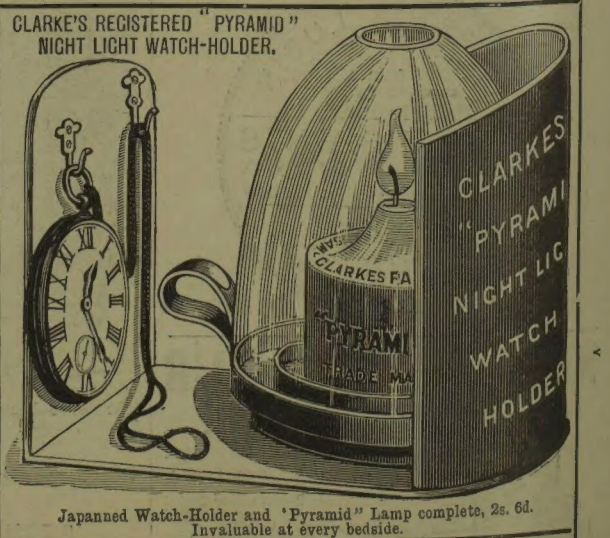
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